

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

An Autumn in Greece; comprising Sketches of the Character, Customs, and Scenery of the Country; with a View of its present Critical State. In Letters, addressed to C. B. Sheridan, Esq. By H. LYTTON BULWER, Esq. To which is subjoined, *Greece to the close of 1825.* By a Resident with the Greeks, recently arrived. Post 8vo. pp. 349. London, 1826. Ebers.

FIVE years have now elapsed since the Greeks dared to raise the standard of revolt against their Mahomedan rulers, and to beard a power which, numerically, is at least six to one against them. Unassisted, except with a little money and a great deal of bad advice, they have continued a struggle against the hordes of Turks and Arabs that have been sent against them, and have maintained the unequal contest with a courage and a spirit worthy the best days of ancient Greece: but frequently as the Greeks have triumphed both by sea and land, and glorious as those triumphs have been, the struggle still continues, and is likely to continue, unless the European powers should become the arbiters, or the over-strained tyranny of the Ottoman Porte should burst forth in vengeance on the oppressors of the fairest portion of Europe; this is, however, an event not to be calculated upon, and we must look to other means for the liberation of Greece.

Save me from my friends, is a motto too common to be quoted as a novelty, and its truth too often proved to require any new instances; we cannot, however, but observe, that to us it does appear the Greeks have been very unfortunate in their alliances. Loans have been raised at a ruinous expense; subscriptions have been made and expended on a doubtful policy; officers have been sent who never set a squadron in the field, to teach military tactics; legislators and constitutions have been forwarded to a people who required rather the executive power of an absolute dictatorship than the hesitating policy of a representative government; and the real or assumed agents of rival nations have been struggling for a political ascendancy in a country where an union of sentiment and exertion should be the first object. Thus it is that the original dissensions of the Greek chiefs have been fomented, and envoys have been more anxious to establish, by intrigue, their own superiority than to combat the enemies of Grecian independence.

By means such as these has the liberty of Greece been retarded, and the honest zeal which, if duly fanned, would have burst into a flame, been smothered. Another fault, and it has spread so wide that we know not to what point to trace it, is the very erroneous

accounts that have appeared on the real state of Greece, and the struggle it is now maintaining. In this respect, the fabrications of the *Oriental Spectator* of Smyrna, and of the *Austrian Observer*, have not been more culpable than many of the statements put forth by the Greeks themselves and their friends. The want of confidence, which accounts so contradictory have engendered, has deprived the struggle of much of its interest, and rendered the best means of saving the cause of Greece so doubtful. Armies of the Turks have been mowed down, and whole fleets have been blown up on paper, which never existed; and squadrons which have been represented as thrice annihilated, have been found maintaining their station with obstinacy; the public mind has thus been so much trifled with, that the alternately alleged triumphs of the Greeks and the Turks are viewed with almost equal indifference, because equally unworthy of credit.

All that can be relied on as to the affairs of Greece (and we include the accounts received up to the very day on which we write) is, that Missolonghi, which has been long besieged by a superior Turkish force, under the Seraskier Redschid Pacha, still holds out, and has made many successful sallies on the besiegers; that the Egyptian commander, Ibrahim Pacha, after twenty real or nominal defeats, keeps a footing in the Morea, although he has not been able to gain possession of Napoli di Romania; that the Greek army under Gouras, is either inactive in Livadia, or finds sufficient employment in keeping in check some Turkish corps; that Patras, a place of no strength, has resisted the Greek besiegers for two or three years, if siege it can be called, where the nominal assailants' lines are six miles distant on shore, and the fortress only invested by a brig or two by sea; that an insurrection in Candia, against the Greeks, is of doubtful success, and that, notwithstanding the almost unexampled courage and vigilance of the Greek admirals, Miaulis, Sachuris, and Canaris, there is much cause to fear that a Turco-Egyptian fleet, of great force, will effect a landing in the Morea, and reinforce the army of Ibrahim Pacha; and, lastly, there is no doubt that the Greek chiefs are far from being cordially united, or that the executive government is not sufficiently powerful or influential to give energy to distant naval and military operations.

In drawing this picture of Greece, which we have done without any reference to the work before us, save in a single instance, (we allude to Patras,) we by no means wish to induce a belief that the independence of Greece is unattainable. 'The *ace*,' we are told in the sacred writings, 'is not to the

swift, nor the battle to the strong; and events may arise, of which all human foresight is ignorant, that may effect her freedom. Some deliverer may arise; and, to use the language of one who died in her cause—

'Lead her scatter'd children forth,
And long-accustom'd bondage uncreate.'

After these observations, which, though perhaps too long, will not, we trust, be deemed irrelevant or tedious, we proceed to notice Mr. Bulwer's *Autumn in Greece*. The author, accompanied by Mr. J. Hamilton Brown, anxious to see the state of the war in Greece, quitted England for the Morea in 1824. Mr. Bulwer passed some time in that country, during which he wrote an account of what he saw and deemed worth recording, in a series of letters to his friend, Charles Brinsley Sheridan, who has already distinguished himself by his zeal for the independence of Greece. These letters, now published, are very well written; some of them are, indeed, elegant; and they contain, we feel assured, a very faithful picture of Greece and Greek affairs at the period to which they relate.

Mr. Bulwer and Mr. Hamilton were the representatives of the Greek committee in London—a body of men who, however sincere, have not, we suspect, justified the expectations entertained of their exertions. In an introduction, Mr. Bulwer takes a sort of bird's-eye view of the past and present state of Greece, a part of which we quote: he says,—

'I cannot but feel pleasure in repeating that the great mass of Greek population appeared to me far better than I had expected to find it, or than it is generally considered. Greece is in possession of brave sailors, enterprising merchants, and a hardy peasantry; as a whole she may be rude and barbarous, but her separate parts are excellent.

'If I might be allowed so fanciful an allusion, I would compare her to the famous idol in the temple of Jupiter Ammon, which though in the form of a beast, was made of the most precious stones.

'The government, at the time of my visit, though not what her friends might most wish, was certainly existing, and acknowledged.

'Its defect appears to me, and probably without reason, that it is formed against the nature of things in the country: the deliberative body which, under present circumstances, seems likely to have little weight, is given too much by the constitution. Even military promotion must undergo the approbation of the senate.

'I would wish to see Greece free, but free according to her means of being so.

'Are the people sufficiently enlightened to

have confidence in their representatives?—otherwise, one hundred armed Mainotes have thirty times the strength of three hundred deputies.

Whether Greece can, for many years, have a good government of her own, is a political problem that I will not attempt to solve. She must wade to it through much blood, and it is for her to determine if she prefers tranquillity under foreign protection to a greater degree of independence at the price which it must cost her.

Any power under which Greece placed herself, would find great inconveniences in affording her protection.

If it were England, the government which the Greeks, from their disorderly habits, and lively and fickle disposition, might require, would in all probability be of too severe a character to meet the wishes of a free nation. A large force would be necessary to overawe the Capitani; Greece, in her impoverished state, could contribute little to her own expenses, and, if Ireland affords the sole advantage of experience, we would not willingly transplant the system of her calamities into a distant and a still more embarrassed country.

Russia is in too critical a situation to think of entering Greece except in arms; and, whatever she might attempt by intrigue, it is still doubtful whether she would openly set the whole of Europe at defiance.

The French, though possessing a large force in the Mediterranean, have no other object, it is supposed, than the protection of their Catholic brethren; nor would our situation in the Ionian Islands permit their vicinity.

The old aristocratic powers of Europe would never allow the modern flag of America to be hoisted in their face, and wave from the shores of the Peloponnesus. So connecting a link between the independence of the New and the Old World would cause every crowned head to shake; and there is not a tyrant but would see, in the annihilation of Turkish despotism, the approaching insecurity of his own.

Austria might have gained a settlement in this country; but her violence and injustice have been so manifest in the struggle, that I doubt if the Greek would see much difference between her protection and Turkish tyranny.

Thus, singularly enough, the best foundation of Grecian independence is the difficulty which we all find in deciding—who shall deprive her of it?

Mr. Bulwer seems to blame the Greek government for improvidence, and the committee in England for a want of caution, in advancing the loans contracted for in this country, which have neither taken a town, bought a vessel, or formed one regular troop. Our author by no means draws a flattering picture of the present contest; he says the Egyptian is a far more powerful adversary than the Turk; and one great feature in Grecian policy has been too fond a reliance on the weakness of the enemy. The Egyptian troops are better trained, and more patient and obedient than the Turks, and they are considered by Mr. Bulwer as the most formi-

dable enemy the Greeks have yet encountered. He does not seem at all sanguine as to the issue, and relies more on the interference of some other power, than in the ability of the Greeks to achieve their independence.

Mr. Bulwer's early letters contain a lively and well-written account of his tour through France and Italy to Ancona; he afterwards touched at Cephalonia and Zante, and gives a good description of the places he visited, as well as of the incidents that occurred, and some of them in a very playful manner, as will be seen by the following extract:—

'We stopped during the heats of the day at the ruined cottage of the primate: his accounts were not much in unison with our wishes. I asked him if his house owed its wretched condition to the ravages of the Turks? "Turks or Greeks (sighed the poor man), it is much the same: here comes one of our captains, who, if you do not belong to his party, kills you without ceremony; if attached to him, you must show your friendship, by giving up your property to gorge his followers: then, to finish all, comes another, who burns your dwelling over your head, and demolishes everything, because, forsooth, his enemy plundered you."

'But I cannot vouch for the truth of our host's assertions, since he made them an excuse for moistening our parched lips with only a little dirty water, "all the refreshment that his poor habitation contained!" uttered he mournfully: whereas my servant, as I afterwards learnt, found a very comfortable bottle of *liquor* secreted, with many others, under an old cask. This did not seem much like truth or hospitality: but certainly showed that the good things of the world were, in this part of it, rather scarce, and by no means followed Mr. Bentham's sage rule of being for "the greatest good of the greatest number."

'After some difficulty in getting horses, we proceeded, and slept in the house of an old priest, with a beard as long as his goat's, and a hide twice as filthy and unsavoury. If cleanliness be akin to godliness, they are here like all other relations, and keep as far apart as possible. The reverend proprietor had a great opinion of the Greeks in general, and of his own consequence as a Greek in particular. We could not persuade him that his language was not the fashionable one among ourselves. Some portion of contempt was natural at our comparative ignorance of it: nevertheless, he showed the unlettered savages, whom Providence had thrown in his way, great civility and kindness:—to whatever was in his hut, except his maid servant, with whom he himself retired (I do not mean to insinuate anything improper), we were welcome. He was really a good sort of person, and we drank his health in the before-mentioned bottle of *liquor*, which my domestic now produced. You may be sure that he had a severe lecture on its appropriation; but the evil deed was done, so, like all other politicians, we deemed it best to profit by it.'

Mr. Bulwer evidently visited Greece with much of his scholastic enthusiasm; all he met with was, he says, fresh; and the dress,

manners, yea, the very ignorance of the people, had something in it wild and original. No writer that we have seen appears to take so just a view of the Greek character as Mr. Bulwer: on this subject he says—

'No observation can be more just than Mr. Burke's, "The opinion of others regulates that which we form of ourselves;" and those Greeks who held any commerce with their masters, finding themselves despised, became as contemptible as they were thought.

'It is from these men, that most who rail without mercy against Greek depravity, have formed their judgment. Speaking of the nation, it is an unfair one.

'The Moreot peasantry appeared to me, like the peasantry of other mountainous countries, hardy, honest, and independent. There can be no better proof of their goodness, than the safety with which we passed through some of their most inaccessible fastnesses, where only the winds could bear away the news of our assassination: "Omne ignotum pro magnifico;" and our mules, though loaded with things of little value, appear perhaps to carry vast and precious treasures. They are from habit active, and make excellent guerillas. From the state in which they lived prior to the revolution, retiring with some capitano into their inaccessible mountains, they possess that love for peculiar families which we denominate clanship; and some care should be taken that we do not alienate them from their country, when we separate them from their chieftains.

'The Hydriotes and Spezzioties also are, from all that I can hear, collectively a good people. The merchants of Hydra were forced into the revolution by the sailors, who looked for plunder and employment, and have frequently been obliged to compensate for ill success out of their own purses. Not having experienced the evils of war, nor even those of slavery, these islanders are more haughty than the Moreot, and have succeeded in obtaining the chief situations in the present government. The Hydriotes long wished for a settlement on the Continent, and Napoli di Romania may be called theirs.

'It is idle to expect that a race long barbarized and enslaved, can start at once into civilization and freedom. Time and circumstance, which hammer out the shape of all kingdoms, must do their work before our democratic dreams can be realised of this people.

'For the present let the Greeks choose their own form of government.

'I do not see who is more likely than they to know, whether a mobbish, military, or monarchical one, will supply their wants or fulfil their wishes:—

'"Wise men have aye that government confess'd

The best to be, which suits the governor best: Cæsar may laugh when godlike Cato frowns, And constitutions want the charms of crowns." Yet it is my opinion that a strong hand is the only one that can rescue Greece from her present difficulties, and finally replace the statue of Liberty in her temple.'

Pride rather than patriotism seems to actuate many of the Greeks: and, although

paying the local tains, yet the effect for life, do so for rapine or ceased to be able.' I Bulwer bold, intr and poss him for Goorha, Pacha) a trooni, h brave as ranks as who have

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paying the soldiers has withdrawn them from the local or individual interests of the chieftains, yet Mr. Bulwer fears that it will have the effect of making those, who before fought for life, liberty, home, and family, now do so for a few paras a day, and if these fail, rapine or mutiny; 'patriotism,' he says, 'has ceased to operate, except where it is profitable.' In speaking of the Greek chiefs, Mr. Bulwer describes Ulysses (since dead) as bold, intrepid, and ready to listen to advice, and possessing many qualities which fitted him for a distinguished part in Greece.—Goorha, or Gouras, (a former bravo of Ali Pacha) and Nekitas, a nephew of Colocotroni, he says, are mere machines, but as brave as they are stupid. Mavrocordato he ranks as a superior man. Of the English who have visited Greece, he says:—

'Mr. Blaquiere, though even these people smile at his enthusiastic accounts of their country, is by far the most popular foreigner who has visited it: I will not except Lord Byron, who is spoken of in terms of respect and admiration; but there is a warm sentiment of real affection mingled with this people's gratitude to Mr. Blaquiere.

'Of our naval officers, Captain Hamilton is the most known, and enjoys the singular good fortune of being as well spoken of by the Turks as he is by the Greeks.'

Mr. Bulwer, and indeed we believe every person acquainted with the conduct of the Greek deputies in this country, blames them. Leaving, however, the affairs of Greece, to which we shall return in our next, we shall quote an anecdote of Turkish gratitude, related by Mr. Werry, the British consul at Smyrna:—

'When the fire ravaged this city some years ago, he was the last to seek safety; and, had all behaved like himself, the mischief would most probably have been prevented. He told me a circumstance which happened to him at that time, sufficiently strong to prove that there is gratitude as well as honour amongst thieves. Some months previous to the event of which I am now speaking, he saw in the streets one man running with his utmost speed from three or four who were after him with drawn weapons. The natural impulse of the moment was to interfere with the designs of the pursuers, from whom, however, he understood that the person escaping had committed some atrocious crime, for which they were about to render him into the hands of justice. Their information came too late, the ruffian had taken advantage of their momentary halt, and was already out of sight. Months had elapsed, and the circumstance was forgotten. During the confusion occasioned by the flames, some Dalmatians had landed from an Austrian ship in the harbour, for the purposes of pillage. A party of them made their way to the home of the English consul, who met them at the door with but two or three attendants. The captain of the band lifted up his sabre—at the instant when the blow must have descended, and Heaven decided on its effect, the robber-chieftain's head fell dangling on his shoulders, and Mr. Werry saw the man, whose life he had saved, standing

by his side, backed by a numerous train of followers, who had entered almost unperceived into the court-yard, and arrived there just in time to prevent the design of the plunderers, who, seeing themselves overmatched, quietly retreated.'

A few extracts, not connected with Greece, may also be worth quoting. In noticing the Ionian Islands, Mr. Bulwer says, Sir Thomas Maitland, the late high commissioner, "allowing him some good qualities, was still a most abominable tyrant, and disregarded all laws when they affected himself." In another place, however, Mr. Bulwer speaks rather more favourably of the late, and pays, we believe, a well-merited compliment to the present, lord high commissioner. He says:—

'The Ionian government, during Sir Thomas Maitland's life, was hostile to the Greeks; but not so decidedly as to commit any violent act against them. In justice I should say, that his antipathy to their cause has been much exaggerated. I may add, not without authority, that his pen could at one time have signed the death-warrant of the revolution.

'The present lord high commissioner has observed a strict neutrality, is esteemed by all parties, and appears fully worthy of his important situation.'

The constitution of these islands Mr. Bulwer ridicules, but, the fact is, representative governments are not always the best. Speaking of the Ionian government, he says,—

'The senate consists of five members, who are selected from the primary council (a body of eleven) and supposed to be chosen by the islands, the four largest of which name one each, and the smallest, one alternately. The primary council, with the additional number of twenty-nine, form the legislative assembly.

'If it were not too serious a subject to excite a laugh, the election of this representative assembly would be really ludicrous. In the event of a vacancy therein, the secretary of the primary council transmits to the island for which it occurs, the names of two trustworthy persons, (*i. e.*) worthy of the trust of the lord high commissioner, of whom the synclitæ or electors have their choice, verifying thus the old couplet of

"How vast a difference we may see
'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee!"

'The synclitæ have become ashamed of this popular privilege, and never meet. In which case the form of the election is in the senate. Every act of the senate, as well as of the legislative assembly, must be inspected and approved by the lord high commissioner, who in his capacity is doubly culpable:—first, in mocking a people with the form of a constitution; secondly, in reigning, *de facto*, as absolute as the Dey of Algiers.

'But what shall we say to such an enormity as this, that, when the Ionians have been flattered with the right of petitioning our government at home, their petitions have been stopped in their way thither, pronounced libels, and their authors prosecuted and imprisoned!'

Mr. Bulwer possesses poetical genius. The following is a pleasing version of a song sung

by the sailor at the helm on board the vessel in which he sailed from Ancona.

'The moon shines bright,
And the bark bounds light,
As the stag bounds over the lea;
We love the strife
Of the sailor's life,
And we love our dark blue sea.
Now high, now low,
To the depths we go,
Now rise on the surge again;
We make a track
O'er the ocean's back,
And play with his hoary mane.
Fearless we face
The storm in its chace,
When the dark clouds fly before it;
And meet the shock
Of the fierce siroc,
Though death breathes hotly o'er it.
The landsman may quail
At the shout of the gale,
Peril's the sailor's joy;
Wild as the waves
Which his vessel braves,
Is the lot of the sailor boy.'

To Mr. Bulwer's work, with which, however, we have not done, is added an interesting letter on the affairs and prospects of Greece, by a gentleman who has just returned from that country. This we shall duly notice in our next.

The Subaltern. 12mo. pp. 373. Edinburgh, 1825. Blackwood.

Those who have read Blackwood's Magazine during the last twelve months (and few periodicals, we believe, are more extensively read), will recollect a series of papers in it under the title of the Subaltern. These have now been collected, and form the neat little volume before us.

The Subaltern is, we understand, written by an officer who was in most of those engagements in the Peninsula which raised the glory of the British arms, broke the power of France, and rescued Spain and Portugal from the iron grasp of Napoleon. The writer possessed judgment to discern the most prominent and interesting scenes in war, and these he has delineated with truth and spirit. The scenes are not the fancied embodyings of a fertile imagination, they are real events, which owe little to the narrator but the eloquent language in which they are clothed.

The author takes us from his first embarking at Dover to the conclusion of the war; in the first chapter he introduces an affecting incident of a young wife following her husband to the shore, and dying of a broken heart, because she could not accompany him. The author, though possessing the stern hardness of a soldier, accustomed to scenes of blood and carnage, never loses the feelings of a man, and hence, whether he is describing the battle's roar or the gentler offices of humanity, his narrative is always well written. We shall now quote one or two passages. The first is an account of the storming St. Sebastian's on the 31st of August, 1813:—

'It is a curious fact, but it is a fact, that the morning of the 31st rose darkly and gloomily, as if the elements themselves had been aware of the approaching conflict, and

were determined to add to its awfulness by their disorder. A close and oppressive heat pervaded the atmosphere, whilst lowering and sulphureous clouds covered the face of the sky, and hindered the sun from darting upon us one intervening ray, from morning till night. A sort of preternatural stillness, too, was in the air; the birds were silent in the groves; the very dogs and horses in the camp, and cattle on the hill side, gazed in apparent alarm about them. As the day passed on, and the hour of attack drew near, the clouds gradually collected into one black mass, directly over the devoted city; and almost at the instant when our troops began to march into the trenches, the storm burst forth. Still, it was comparatively mild in its effects. An occasional flash of lightning, succeeded by a burst of thunder, was all of it which we felt, though this was enough to divert our attention.

The forlorn hope took its station at the mouth of the most advanced trench, about half-past ten o'clock. The tide, which had long turned, was now fast ebbing, and these gallant fellows beheld its departure with a degree of feverish anxiety, such as he only can imagine, who has stood in a similar situation. This was the first time that a town was stormed by daylight since the commencement of the war, and the storming party were enabled distinctly to perceive the preparations which were making for their reception. There was, therefore, something not only interesting but novel, in beholding the muzzles of the enemy's cannon, from the castle and other batteries, turned in such a direction as to flank the breaches; whilst the glancing of bayonets, and the occasional rise of caps and feathers, gave notice of the line of infantry which was forming underneath the parapet. There an officer could, from time to time, be distinguished, leaning his telescope over the top of the rampart, or through the opening of an embrasure, and prying with deep attention into our arrangements.

Nor were our own officers, particularly those of the engineers, idle. With the greatest coolness they exposed themselves to a dropping fire of musketry which the enemy at intervals kept up, whilst they examined and re-examined the state of the breaches—a procedure which cost the life of as brave and experienced a soldier as that distinguished corps has produced. I allude to Sir Richard Fletcher, chief engineer to the army, who was shot through the head only a few minutes before the column advanced to the assault.

It would be difficult to convey to the mind of an ordinary reader anything like a correct notion of the state of feeling which takes possession of a man waiting for the commencement of a battle. In the first place, time appears to move upon leaden wings; every minute seems an hour, and every hour a day. Then there is a strange commingling of levity and seriousness within him—a levity which prompts him to laugh, he scarce knows why; and a seriousness which urges him ever and anon to lift up a mental prayer to the Throne of Grace. On

such occasions, little or no conversation passes. The privates generally lean upon their firelocks—the officers upon their swords; and few words, except monosyllables, at least in answer to questions put, are wasted. On these occasions, too, the faces of the bravest often change colour, and the limbs of the most resolute tremble, not with fear, but with anxiety; whilst watches are consulted, till the individuals who consult them grow absolutely weary of the employment. On the whole, it is a situation of higher excitement, and darker and deeper agitation, than any other in human life; nor can he be said to have felt all which man is capable of feeling, who has not filled it.

Noon had barely passed, when the low state of the tide giving evidence that the river might be forded, the word was given to advance. Silent as the grave, the column moved forward. In one instant the leading files had cleared the trenches, and the others poured on in quick succession after them, when the work of death began. The enemy having reserved their fire till the head of the column had gained the middle of the stream, then opened with the most deadly effect. Grape, canister, musketry, shells, grenades, and every species of missile, were hurled from the ramparts, beneath which our gallant fellows dropped like corn before the reaper; insomuch that, in the space of two minutes, the river was literally choked up with the bodies of the killed and wounded, over whom, without discrimination, the advancing divisions pressed on.

The opposite bank was soon gained, and the short space between the landing-place and the foot of the breach rapidly cleared, without a single shot having been returned by the assailants. But here the most alarming prospect awaited them. Instead of a wide and tolerably level chasm, the breach presented the appearance only of an ill-built wall, thrown considerably from its perpendicular; to ascend which, even though unopposed, would be no easy task. It was, however, too late to pause; besides, the men's blood was hot, and their courage on fire; so they pressed on, clambering up as they best could, and effectually hindering one another from falling back, by the eagerness of the rear-ranks to follow those in front. Shouts and groans were now mingled with the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry; our front ranks likewise had an opportunity of occasionally firing with effect; and the slaughter on both sides was dreadful.

At length the head of the column forced its way to the summit of the breach, where it was met in the most gallant style by the bayonets of the garrison. When I say the summit of the breach, I mean not to assert that our soldiers stood upon a level with their enemies, for this was not the case. There was a high step, perhaps two or three feet in length, which the assailants must surmount before they could gain the same ground with the defenders, and a very considerable period elapsed ere that step was surmounted. Here bayonet met bayonet, and sabre met sabre, in close and desperate strife, without the one party being able to

advance, or the other succeeding in driving them back.

Things had continued in this state for nearly a quarter of an hour, when Major Snodgrass, at the head of the 13th Portuguese regiment, dashed across the river by his own ford, and assaulted the lesser breach. This attack was made in the most cool and determined manner; but here, too, the obstacles were almost insurmountable; nor is it probable that the place would have been carried at all, but for a measure adopted by General Graham, such as has never perhaps been adopted before. Perceiving that matters were almost desperate, he had recourse to a desperate remedy, and ordered our own artillery to fire upon the breach. Nothing could be more exact or beautiful than this practice. Though our men stood only about two feet below the breach, scarcely a single ball from the guns of our batteries struck amongst them, whilst all told with fearful exactness among the enemy.

This fire had been kept up only a very few minutes, when all at once an explosion took place, such as drowned every other noise, and apparently confounded, for an instant, the combatants on both sides. A shell from one of our mortars had exploded near the train, which communicated with a quantity of gunpowder placed under the breach. This mine the French had intended to spring as soon as our troops should have made good their footing, or established themselves on the summit; but the fortunate accident just mentioned, anticipated them. It exploded whilst three hundred grenadiers, the elite of the garrison, stood over it, and instead of sweeping the storming party into eternity, it only cleared a way for their advance. It was a spectacle as appalling and grand as the imagination can conceive, the sight of that explosion. The noise was more awful than any which I have ever heard before or since; whilst a bright flash, instantly succeeded by a smoke so dense, as to obscure all vision, produced an effect upon those who witnessed it, such as no powers of language are adequate to describe. Such, indeed, was the effect of the whole occurrence, that for perhaps half a minute after, not a shot was fired on either side. Both parties stood still to gaze upon the havoc which had been produced; insomuch, that a whisper might have caught your ear for a distance of several yards.

The state of stupefaction into which they were at first thrown, did not, however, last long with the British troops. As the smoke and dust of the ruins cleared away, they beheld before them a space empty of defenders, and they instantly rushed forward to occupy it. Uttering an appalling shout, the troops sprang over the dilapidated parapet, and the rampart was their own. Now then began all those maddening scenes, which are witnessed only in a successful storm, of flight, and slaughter, and parties rallying only to be broken and dispersed; till, finally, having cleared the works to the right and left, the soldiers poured down into the town.

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through the burning houses which joined the wall. Both courses were adopted, according as different parties were guided in their pursuit of the flying enemy, and here again the battle was renewed. The French fought with desperate courage; they were literally driven from house to house, and street to street, nor was it till a late hour in the evening that all opposition on their part ceased. Then, however, the governor, with little more than a thousand men, retired into the castle; whilst another detachment, of perhaps two hundred, shut themselves up in a convent.

'As soon as the fighting began to wax faint, the horrors of plunder and rapine succeeded. Fortunately, there were few females in the place; but of the fate of the few which were there, I cannot even now think without a shudder. The houses were everywhere ransacked, the furniture wantonly broken, the churches profaned, the images dashed to pieces; wine and spirit cellars were broken open, and the troops, heated already with angry passions, became absolutely mad by intoxication. All order and discipline were abandoned. The officers had no longer the slightest control over their men, who, on the contrary, controlled the officers; nor is it by any means certain, that several of the latter did not fall by the hands of the former, when they vainly attempted to bring them back to a sense of subordination.

'Night had now set in, but the darkness was effectually dispelled by the glare from burning houses, which, one after another, took fire. The morning of the 31st had risen upon St. Sebastian's, as neat and regularly built a town as any in Spain; long before midnight, it was one sheet of flame; and by noon on the following day, little remained of it, except its smoking ashes. The houses being lofty, like those in the Old Town of Edinburgh, and the streets straight and narrow, the fire flew from one to another with extraordinary rapidity. At first, some attempts were made to extinguish it; but these soon proved useless, and then the only matter to be considered, was, how personally to escape its violence. Many a migration was accordingly effected from house to house, till, at last, houses enough to shelter all could no longer be found, and the streets became the place of rest to the majority.

'The spectacle which these presented was truly shocking. A strong light falling upon them from the burning houses, disclosed crowds of dead, dying, and intoxicated men, huddled indiscriminately together. Carpets, rich tapestry, beds, curtains, wearing apparel, and everything valuable to persons in common life, were carelessly scattered about upon the bloody pavement, whilst ever and anon fresh bundles of these were thrown from the windows above. Here you would see a drunken fellow whirling a string of watches round his head, and then dashing them against the wall; there another, more provident, stuffing his bosom with such smaller articles as he most prized. Next would come a party, rolling a cask of wine or spirits before them, with loud acclamations, which in an instant was tapped, and in an incredibly short space of time emptied of its

contents. Then the ceaseless hum of conversation, the occasional laugh, and wild shout of intoxication, the pitiable cries, or deep moans of the wounded, and the unintermitted roar of the flames, produced altogether such a concert, as no man who listened to it can ever forget.

'Of these various noises, the greater number began gradually to subside, as night passed on; and long before dawn there was a fearful silence. Sleep had succeeded inebriety with the bulk of the army,—of the poor wretches who groaned and shrieked three hours ago, many had expired; and the very fire had almost wasted itself by consuming everything upon which it could feed. Nothing, therefore, could now be heard, except an occasional faint moan, scarcely distinguishable from the heavy breathing of the sleepers; and even that was soon heard no more.'

The author of the Subaltern says, except on one occasion, he does not recollect any symptom of violent or permanent grief on the part of a soldier's wife at the death of her husband:—

'How to account for this I know not, unless it be that a camp seldom fails to destroy all the finest feelings of one sex, if it leave those of the other uninjured. The occasion to which I then alluded occurred to-day. A fine young Irishman, the pay-serjeant of my own company, had brought his wife with him to the seat of war. He married her, it appeared, against the wish of her relations, they considering themselves in a walk of life superior to his. To what class of society they belonged I cannot tell, but she, I know, was a lady's-maid to some person of rank, when the handsome face and manly form of M'Dermot stole her heart away. They had been married about a year and a half, during the whole of which time she had borne the most unblemished character, and they were accounted the most virtuous and the happiest couple in the regiment. Poor things! they were this day separated for ever.

'M'Dermot was as brave and good a soldier as any in the army; he was, at times, even fool-hardy. Having observed a raw recruit or two cower down in no very dignified manner, as a cannon-ball passed over them, M'Dermot, by way of teaching them to despise danger, threw himself at his ease on the summit of the sand-hill, with his head towards the enemy's guns. He was in the very act of laughing at these lads, assuring them that "every bullet has its billet," when a round shot struck him on the crown of the head, and smashed him to atoms. I shall never forget the shriek that was raised. He was a prodigious favourite with all ranks; and then all of us thought of his poor young wife, so spotless, and so completely wrapped up in him. "O, who will tell Nance of this?" said another non-commissioned officer, his principal companion.—"Poor Nance!" cried the soldiers, one and all; so true is it that virtue is respected, and a virtuous woman beloved, even by common soldiers. But there was no hiding it from Nance. The news reached her, Heaven knows how, long before we re-

turned to our tents, and she was in the midst of us in a state which beggars all description, in five minutes after the event took place.

'I cannot so much as attempt to delineate the scene which followed. The poor creature was evidently deranged, for she would not believe that the mangled carcass before her was her husband; and she never shed a tear. "That, O that is not he!" cried she; "that M'Dermot—my own handsome, beautiful M'Dermot! O no, no—take it away, or take me away, and bring me to him!" She was removed with gentle violence to the camp, and the body was buried; a young fir-tree being planted over it.

'Several days elapsed before Mrs. M'Dermot was sufficiently calm to look her situation in the face. But at length the feeling of utter desolateness came over her; and instead of listening, as women in her situation generally listen, to the proposals of some new suitor, all her wishes pointed homewards. To her home she was accordingly sent. We raised for her a handsome subscription, every officer and man contributing something; and I have reason to believe that she is now respectably settled in Cork, though still a widow.'

We confess we have been much pleased with the Subaltern, so much so, indeed, that were we commander-in-chief, he should not lack promotion.

HANSARD'S TYPOGRAPHIA.

(Concluded from p. 754).

MR. HANSARD says that he has principally written for the young practitioner as well as the amateur of typography; to the latter his work may be a desideratum, but to the former a luminous abridgment would answer the purpose much better; indeed to prepare such a book for the young practitioner seems a deviation from the good sense which every one who peruses this royal octavo of nearly one thousand pages must presume its author to possess. The work is principally a compilation, connected by the author's remarks, and we are not quite prepared to say of it what very able judges allow of Luckombe's book, 'that it is compiled in the most judicious and careful manner,' for we have remarked much unnecessary repetition and occasional amplification that might very well have been dispensed with. It would be out of place here to dwell upon the practical part, and we shall therefore recur to the historical. After a long discussion of the claims to the honour of first invention, Mr. Hansard comes to this conclusion—'To Gottenburgh is due the high appellation of father of printing; to Schoeffer that of father of letter-founding; and to Fust that of the generous patron, by whose means the wondrous discovery, "the nurse and preserver of the arts and sciences," was brought so rapidly to perfection.' To this conclusion he is brought principally by the arguments of Mr. Horne, who says that Abbot Trithemius's testimony in every sense claims pre-eminence, and gives it thus:—

'"About this time (anno 1450), in the city of Mentz, in Germany, upon the Rhine, and not in Italy, as some writers falsely affirmed, the wonderful and till then unknown

art of printing books by metal types (*characterizandi*) was invented and devised by John Gutenberg, citizen of Mentz, who, having almost exhausted his whole estate in contriving of this new method, and labouring under such insuperable difficulties, in one respect or other, that he began to despair of, and to throw up, the whole design, was at length assisted with the advice and purse of John Faust, another citizen of Mentz, and happily brought it to perfection. Having, therefore, begun with cutting characters of the letters upon wooden planks, in their right order, and completed their forms, they printed the vocabulary called *Catholicon*; but could make no farther use of those forms, because there was no possibility of separating the letters, which were engraven on the planks, as we hinted before. To this succeeded a more ingenious invention: for they found out a way of stamping the shapes of every letter of the Latin alphabet, in what they called matrices, from which they afterwards cast their letters, either in copper or tin, hard enough to be printed upon, which they first cut with their own hands. It is certain that this art met with no small difficulties from the beginning of its invention, as I heard thirty years ago from the mouth of Peter Schoeffer de Gernsheim, citizen of Mentz, and son-in-law to the first inventor of the art. For when they went about printing the Bible, before they had worked off the third quire, it had cost them already above 4000 florins. But the aforementioned Peter Schoeffer, then servant, and afterwards son-in-law, to the first inventor, John Faust, as we hinted before, being a person of great ingenuity, discovered an easier method of casting letters, and perfected the art as we now have it. These three kept their manner of printing very secret for some time, until it was divulged by their servants, without whose help it was impossible to manage the business, who carried it, first to Strasburgh, and by degrees all over Europe."

Mr. Hansard then quotes Lemoine for the following observations, which we deem worthy of repetition:—

'Before the invention of this divine art, mankind were absorbed in the grossest ignorance, and oppressed under the most abject despotism of tyranny. The clergy, who, before this era, held the key of all the learning in Europe, were themselves ignorant, though proud, presumptuous, arrogant, and artful; their devices were soon detected through the invention of typography. Many of them, as it may naturally be imagined, were very averse to the progress of this invention; as well as the *brief-men*, or writers, who lived by their manuscripts for the laity. They went so far as to attribute this blessed invention to the devil; and some of them warned their hearers from using such diabolical books as were written with the blood of the victims who devoted themselves to hell, for the profit or fame of instructing others. Such was the fate of its first rise; but, like all other useful inventions, it soon soared far above the malignant reach of invidious objections: the more liberal part of mankind, amongst whom it is but justice to say were some ecclesiastics,

gave it every necessary encouragement; and kings and princes became, for the first time, the patrons of learning. Genius, like beaten gold, spread over the world; and the latter end of the fifteenth century saw a complete revolution in the human mind; for this art brought with it that of discovering deception and exposing hypocrisy.'

Before the invention of printing, books were confined to the wealthy, and transferred from one possessor to another with as much legal ceremony as an estate; and further on the author says:—

'About the time of our King Henry II., as I have somewhere read, their manner of publishing the works of authors was, to have them read over for three days successively before one of the universities, or other judges, appointed by the public; and, if they met with approbation, copies of them were then permitted to be taken, which were usually done by monks, scribes, illuminators, and readers, brought or trained up to that purpose for their maintenance.'

Mr. Hansard remarks, in a note, that it is a somewhat curious circumstance that 'one author of a printer's grammar never mentions either press or pressmen; it is equally remarkable that, although Mr. H. mentions the rudeness of the first presses, he neither gives us a representation of one of them, nor a description, but is content with observing that the same names for the different parts of the common press remain unaltered from the time of Moxon. The merit of the first invention of printing being entirely attached to the fabricators of the type, and the inventor of the press being unnamed, is not a little in contrast with the circumstances of the present day, in which the noble Earl Stanhope has immortalized himself by the invention of a press, which led the artists and mechanics of Europe and America to further improvements; whence have arisen all the new machines, among which the author of this work has the honour of projecting one that supersedes, as he states, the necessity of a steam-engine, and is at present employed in printing several of our daily newspapers.

In our former notice of the principal places in England into which printing was early introduced, we left unnoticed the controversy relative to the University of Oxford's claims for the first press, it being satisfactorily settled that William Caxton, a mercer of London, first introduced it, under the patronage of the Abbot of Westminster, and practised the art of printing in some part of Westminster Abbey, soon after the year 1471; there is, however, a curious copy of verses, printed at the end of a book at Oxford, in conformity to the practice of early printers, which we copy:

'Theodoric Rood, a German born,
O' the city of Cologne,
That he this curious book did print,
To all men maketh known;
And his good partner, Thomas Hunte,
An Englishman he was:
Now aid them, Heav'n! that so they may
Venetian skill surpass.
'A man of France, nam'd Jenson, taught
The Venetians this fair art,
Which Britain, by her industry,
Did to herself impart.

Engraved books to send to us,
Which in deep lore excel,
Cease, O Venetians! yield to us—
We to all others sell.

'The language, Romans, which by you
So long before was known
Is now at length by us attain'd
And used with our own.
The Britons severed from the world
Though Virgil truly sung,
They now can well his works peruse
In his own Latin tongue.'

The part of this work which treats of stereotype-printing is interesting as a guide to speculating, inexperienced, or sanguine authors or publishers, who are too apt to permit their imaginations to carry them to their fourth or fifth editions before their first sheet is put to press, and to adopt, for economy sake, the stereotyping of their performances. Mr. Hansard, himself a stereotype-founder, states the question fairly, giving Mr. Wilson's arguments in its favour, with Mr. Hodgson's calculations in refutation, by which it appears that to stereotype a work in long-primer, and print it in editions of five hundred each, at the rate of one thousand copies per annum, for four years, would cost £43 13s. 9d. more than an edition of four thousand copies printed at once in the ordinary mode*. That at the end of eight years, upon a second edition of four thousand there would be a balance of £6 14s. 5d. against stereotyping; but at the end of a third edition of four thousand, in twelve years, there would be a balance of £33 10s. 9d. in favour of the stereotype system. Mr. H. gives other calculations to show the general inutility of stereotyping, although in table printing and some other few cases it may be used with advantage. We will add to this, of our own knowledge, that the sums stating the expenses attendant upon stereotype printing are in some degree underrated, and, consequently, the balances should have been more in favour of the usual mode of printing. Those who have argued most in favour of using stereotype have always instanced the saving which might be effected in printing Prayer Books and Bibles; and yet Mr. Hansard, after arguing against the practice, says,—

'A strong confirmation, relative to what has been here stated, is afforded by the fact, that the University of Oxford, after its vast expenses, first, for the secret—next, for the foundry—and, lastly, but perhaps of greatest amount, for years of experience, have partially abandoned it, and have set up entire works in movable types, in the persuasion, not only that the public would be supplied with better books as to typography, but that they would ultimately find an advantage to their own funds in recurring to the anti-stereotype plan—and, I am assured, from the best authority, that they are confirmed by experience in that opinion.'

* In stating the totals, there is an unfortunate blunder, in printing 981 for 381; but this is not the only typographical error in the book, and might have been passed over by us without notice but for some of Mr. H.'s remarks, which occasionally savour a little of arrogance.

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Our limits will not allow us to pursue the author through the other branches of the work, although it may be a useful hint to young authors, to quote what Mr. H. says, in his notice of the duties of a reader for the press:—

‘Many, even of our first-rate authors, are too apt, in the warmth of discussion, the flights of speculation, and the laborious exercise of the thinking powers, to pass over, unobserved, those deviations from pure diction and strict grammatical accuracy, which they have imperceptibly acquired the habit of falling into, by their ordinary conversation with mankind. Now, although no corrector of the press can strictly be required to do otherwise than to *follow his copy*, that is, faithfully to adhere to the original, with all its defects, yet every one must perceive, that it would often be performing a friendly and perhaps a *charitable service*, to point out, in proper time, imperfections and mistakes which have escaped the observation of a quick or voluminous writer.’

Among the printers who promoted and distinguished themselves in the art of printing, at the close of the last century, the author has omitted to mention Mr. Roworth, whose typographical accuracy, fine taste, and mechanical skill, should certainly place him on a par with his cotemporaries, Messrs. Bulmer and Bensley. Upon the subject of ‘fine printing,’ we shall content ourselves with one short extract, in which the author’s meaning may be correctly guessed, though expressed badly enough:—

‘In typography, as in the fine arts, it is difficult to *specify* and *investigate* [q. investigate and specify] the qualities which constitute excellence and beauty; yet, to an accurate observer, the productions of the several typographical artists vary as much as the figures of Flaxman, Chantry, or Canova, from the rude efforts of a rustic stone mason. Real excellence does not, however, depend upon so unfixed a principle; and, therefore, [q. if] it would be difficult to point out every particular which it is necessary to combine, in order to accomplish that which may rank as a *chef d’œuvre* in the art; yet to understand when it is effected is not so intricate; for when any one who has acquired a correct taste, sees a beautifully uniform type imparted to the paper, displaying all its proportions with a just degree of lustre and harmony, his conceptions of typographic beauty become satisfied, and the more he looks the more he admires.’

Mr. Hansard describes the profits of a printer as very inadequate to compensate for the capital, time, and skill of the master, which, according to the view given, does not exceed twelve per cent. per annum upon the capital employed.

Messrs. Austin and Son and Mr. Pouchee, type-founders, and several other clever auxiliaries to printing in the present day, are not sufficiently noticed—while ample space is given to those who are gone by.

The work, upon the whole, is creditable to the industry and taste of the author, and it is to be regretted that its bulk and price will counteract its utility.

November Nights; or, Tales for Winter Evenings. By the AUTHOR of *Warreniana*. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 468. London. 1825. Maclean.

WE are perfectly ‘aware of the divine pleasures which attend a winter fire-side,’ and of the necessity of lightening the tedium and gloom of a long November night, by everything bearing the name of comfort and amusement. We need not say, therefore, that we were disposed to hail the present volume with a hearty welcome; for, though the November evenings are gone, the no less tedious and gloomy hours of December are yet to run, and what is good for the one will certainly not tend to increase the weariness of the other. These tales, however, come recommended to us by more substantial attractions; for, though evidently the production of a very young man, they bear sufficient marks of talent to insure their perusal, and to warrant our hearty recommendation.

The tales are in number thirteen, some of them of a light, others of a serious, and a few of a mixed character: ‘the winter-evening’s fire-side,’ ‘Henry Dalton,’ ‘the honeymoon,’ ‘the vision of ghosts,’ ‘the confessions of a village apothecary,’ ‘the adventure of Greville Faulkland,’ ‘the aeronaut,’ ‘the folly and wickedness of having a long nose,’ ‘the author, or sketches from life,’ &c. We cannot afford space for any lengthened criticism of these different pieces, and are besides of opinion that our readers will be more gratified by a few extracts from those which we deem to be most amusing.

We begin with a sample of the ‘honeymoon,’ a very humorous little paper. On the fifth day after marriage, we have the following entry in the Benedict’s journal:—

‘Of all jokes, the most absurd are those launched against women, and wives in particular. For this reason I am resolved, should my darling Amanda ever bless me with children, to prevent them learning the Eton Latin grammar, from its observing, in one of the rules of syntax, that the “masculine gender is more worthy than the feminine,” &c.—Monstrous violation both of grammar and gratitude.’

On the fourteenth, there appear some symptoms of repentance:—

‘What a bore is a wet Sunday in the country. Amanda, by the by, said pleasantly enough, that wet weather might at least be expected in a watering place. Attended morning church, and inquired of a fat clerk, whether there was any evening service. Lunched by way of amusement. Looked out of window and busied myself in counting the eave’s drops. Thought of my books in Lincoln’s Inn. Untied my shoe-strings, in order to tie them up again. Picked my best breeches to pieces, for one must do something. It seems a long time to dinner.’

After the introduction of a tall Irishman, who had formerly paid his devoirs to Amanda, he begins to feel exceedingly uneasy about the temples, to think himself somewhat older than he had formerly dreamed, and on the twenty-first day after marriage, enters a solemn recantation of his threats against the Eton grammar:—

‘Received two more letters of congratulation on my marriage, and had serious thoughts of sending a challenge in reply. Walked along the sea-shore, and saw a man who looked as miserable as myself: concluded that he was just married. N. B. I’ll not stand it. I’ll run off to the Continent, —shoot—drown—poison—crucify—or hang myself in my garters, as an awful warning to bachelors. Said so to Amanda (she should be called *Damnanda*), and was thanked in reply for my kind intentions. What a brute! —but the Eton Latin grammar is right after all.’

We beg pardon of our fair readers (to whom we make our best bow) for having introduced such an extract as the preceding one; and can assure them, not only that it has produced no change in our sentiments, but that we are determined, *quum primum*, to evince our devotion to them, by submitting to the matrimonial noose—provided always that we be allowed to wear our Kilmarnock night-cap, to smoke our pipe, to toast our shins at the ingle, and to enjoy ourselves over a bottle with a friend when in the humour:—and provided always that *they* will undertake, on their part, not to ———.

From the ‘Apothecary,’ we select the following short passage:—

‘Among the number of my best patients, was an elderly gentleman, by name, Tomkins. He was a schoolmaster and bachelor, and, withal, the most irritable little mortal that ever disturbed a parish. But then he had surprising talents, for, in the course of the year, he would drink out my shop. Pill, glister, opiate, astringent, or aperient draught, —nothing came amiss. To be sure, a fit of obstinacy would now and then seize him, when he would take an emetic instead of a cathartic; but as this mistake generally cured him, he would be doubly wretched till restored to his usual bad health, and to do myself justice, I always satisfied him on this point. The manners of Mr Tomkins were as eccentric as his mind. He spoke in a deep pompous tone, somewhere in the key of a tower gun, and had a trick, when anything displeased him, of kicking out his left leg. It may be supposed that such a genius was not suffered to be lost, and, accordingly, on his accommodating intestines I tried my fiercest experiments. My elixir divinum, or composing draught,’ as I called it, found in him an invaluable patron: the brick-dust especially agreed with him, and as for the gunpowder, one would have imagined him a cannon, it went off so successfully. But, in spite of all these remedies, he one day took it into his head to kick (what is called) the bucket. It was said that I placed the bucket in his way, and Jack Baggs, the sexton, I remember, observed on the occasion, that my composing draught was composing in more senses than one—a grave joke; but what could you expect from a sexton.’

The ‘Author,’ it appears, once fell in love with a stage heroine, while she was performing the part of Ophelia. His cure was as sudden as his passion:—

‘Our hero applied his hand to the knocker, and insinuated what may be termed a

true-lover's rap—palpitating, mysterious, and intermittent. A little sandy-haired girl appeared at the summons. "Is Ophelia at home?" he falteringly exclaimed, for in the confusion of his senses, he had forgotten to ask her real name. "Ophelia?" she replied with a stare, "Miss Muggins, sir, I suppose you mean, howsomdever." "Muggins, Muggins," echoed Edward, "Good God! what a name; however, show me the way up, girl," and, as he ascended, those consoling lines of Skakspeare came promptly to his recollection—

"A name, what's in a name,
Arose by any other name would smell as sweet."
On reaching the head of the stairs he involuntarily halted, overcome by a pleasing palpitating, arising from the consciousness that he was now going to see all that earth yet retained of heaven. His conductress, however, made no allowance for a lover, but suddenly threw aside a dingy garret door, with this impressive remark, "A gemman wants Miss Muggins." In an instant he was in the midst of a room, to which the Black Hole at Calcutta must have been a palace. His situation was ludicrously picturesque. There stood the Muggins and her mother armed, the one with a poker, the other with a frying-pan; by their side was a pug-dog, fat, friskey, and belligerent, and to the right in distance, flanked by a coal-skuttle, towered the black Tom cat, in a high state of wrath and animation. To make matters worse, this tenderest daughter of Polonius, she who drowned herself for the love of the Lord Hamlet, was actually frying sausages for supper. Eternal Powers! do I live to write this historic fact! Ophelia frying sausages!! &c.

We conclude our notice of this amusing volume with a few words of advice to the author.

The first fault which we lay to his charge is one of no common occurrence, and one of which he will undoubtedly get rid in the course of no very long term—diffidence—which has evidently spoiled the effect of his conceptions in more instances than one, and prevented him from giving that breath and prominence to his characters, which they require in order to be interesting. In the second place let him apply himself with more industry to the study of real life, and less to that of books; for, however alike and faithful in the main, a well drawn character is at all times, there are always certain traits which distinguish the man of one period from him who belongs to another, and the absence of which is certain to prove fatal both to its interest and reality. The author is as yet but an apprentice; by care, diligence, and a due restraint on his love of caricature, we do not despair of his becoming a DEACON in the trade of authorship—and in that elevated rank it will give us pleasure to meet him again.

The Blessings of Friendship, and other Poems.

By JAMES M'HENRY. 12mo. pp. 161.
London, 1825. Wightman and Cramp.

MR. M'HENRY is a native of the sister isle, where friendship and feuds wax warmer perhaps than in many other countries, and so

intermingle as to render it difficult to ascertain the real character of the people.

The principal poem in this volume paints friendship in the most flattering colours, and perhaps as few people meet with it in life, where it is often found to be illusory. We would not, however, dispel the day-dreams which the idea of possessing a true friend excites, even for the chances that they may awake in disappointment. Mr. M'HENRY's poem displays considerable talent and much smoothness of versification, as will, we think, be seen by the following extract from the first part, on the pleasures of reflecting on distant friends, illustrated in the cheering thoughts of a sailor keeping watch by the night:—

'At silent midnight's meditative hour,
The watchful seaman feels thy cheering power,
Inspiring Friendship! as he views from far
Heaven's azure circle gemm'd with many a

star;—
You wandering orb, night's cold but lovely

queen,
Illumes the sky, and gilds the watery scene;
The stately vessel spreads the waving sail,
To catch each impulse of th' unsteady gale:
In thoughtful mood reclining o'er her side,
He views her progress through th' expanding

tide,
And sighs to think, as o'er each wave she

moves,
She bears him farther still from those he loves!

'But, yielding soon to Fancy's sweet com-

mand,
He visits once again his native land;
Again the haunts of youthful pleasure views,
Again the throb of past delight renews!
Again the fields of rural sports are seen,
The blooming meadows and the smiling green;
The sacred walk to Friendship long consign'd,
The spot where love first fired his youthful

mind!
Lo! now the sire who taught his youth ap-

pears,
And, hark! his mother's honour'd voice he

hears!
The brothers, sisters, that his childhood bless'd,
Once more are welcomed, and once more ca-

ress'd;
The female charmer of his soul again
Is to his bosom clasp'd with raptur'd strain;
With warmth he pours the fulness of his heart,
Renews his vows, and pledges ne'er to part.
But, oh! what holier feeling can allure,
Less warm, perhaps, than love, but, ah! more

pure,
To seek the well-known cottage which contains
The friend long faithful to his joys and pains!
That fond embrace, how ardent and sincere!
Those looks, that voice of confidence, how

dear!
Truth's purest throb within his bosom glows,
And the full measure of his feelings flows,
As, all disclosed to Friendship's secret ear,
He tells each joy and grief, each hope and fear;
And thus unburden'd feels prepared to try
Life's rugged road with greater buoyancy.

'Oh! as a long life's stormy vale I stray,
Be Friendship still companion of my way!

Then when Temptation shall her arts prepare,
And spread her golden nets my feet to snare,
My watchful guide shall warn me of her toils,
And safe convey me from the syren's wiles.—
Or should Misfortune's harsher hand employ
Those darts that wound the soul, and peace de-

stroy.
With loss of property or health distress'd,
Or by the malice of mankind oppress'd,
To thy sweet power, when whelming ill's in

vade,
Oh! blissful Friendship! then I fly for aid;
For thou art true, though all the world deceive,
Still wise to counsel, ready to relieve,
Design'd by Heaven, from whom thy virtues

flow,
The chief ambassador of good below!

Some of the minor poems are very pretty.

Varieties of Literature; being principally Selections from the Portfolio of the late JOHN BRADY, Esq., Author of Clavis Calendaria. Arranged and adapted for Publication by JOHN HENRY BRADY, his Son. Post 8vo. pp. 295. London, 1825. Whitaker.

THE late Mr. Brady's *Clavis Calendaria*, or Analysis of the Calendar, is a work at once so interesting and so useful as to make any production by the same author be looked forward to with feelings of anticipated pleasure. Few books have been so often quoted, and fewer still so much pillaged, as the *Clavis Calendaria*, and it furnishes the basis of more than one annual periodical. The volume now before us consists of a selection from the manuscripts (not MS. merely, we presume, as stated in the preface) of Mr. Brady, which were left in a loose and unfinished state, but for what purpose collected his son knoweth not. The varieties include proverbs, their origin and explanation; a miscellaneous collection of things historical and topographical, presenting a *mélange* of rare facts of all sorts, gathered from various sources; curious derivations, the origin of the names of places, &c.: these are diversified, amusing, and instructive; in short, Mr. Brady's *Varieties of Literature* are curious and interesting to the general reader, entertaining as a lounge-book, and valuable as a work of reference. In corroboration of our remarks, we shall make a few extracts from each division of the work, premising that division was unnecessary. Mr. Brady, however, who we understand is a young man, in editing the work, acted to the best of his judgment, and if he has erred he is excusable. We begin with the proverbs:—

"*As fine as a Horse.*"—Of this proverbial expression, the following extract, from the Life of Mrs. Pilkington, will be sufficient explanation:—

"They took places in the waggon (for Chester), and quitted London early on May-morning; and, it being the custom in this month for passengers to give the waggoner, at every inn, a riband to adorn his team, she soon discovered the origin of the proverb *as fine as a horse*; for before they got to the end of their journey, the poor beasts were almost blinded by the tawdry, party-coloured, flowing honours of their heads."

William III. was fond of pug dogs, and on his accession to the throne, they became the favourites; the origin of the king's partiality is naturally enough accounted for, by the following anecdote:—

"The Prince of Orange having retired into the camp, Julian Romero with earnest persuasions procured license of the Duke

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D'Alva to hazard a camisado, or night attack upon the prince. At midnight, Julian sallied out of the trenches with a thousand armed men, mostly pikes, who forced all the guards that they found in their way into the place of arms before the prince's tent, and killed two of the secretaries, the prince himself escaping very narrowly; for I have often heard him say that, as he thought, but for a dog, he had either been taken or slain. The attack was made with such resolution, that the guards took no alarm until their fellows were running to the place of arms, with their enemies at their heels; when this dog, hearing a great noise, fell to scratching and crying, and awakened him before any of his men; and as the prince laid in his arms, with a lackey always holding one of his horses ready bridled, yet, at the going out of the tent, with much ado he recovered his horse before the enemy arrived. Nevertheless, one of his equerries was slain, taking horse presently after him, as were divers of his servants. The prince, to show his gratitude, until his dying day kept one of that dog's race, and so did many of his friends and followers. These animals were not remarkable for beauty, being little white dogs, with crooked flat noses, called *camuses*."

"*Sleeps like a Top*."—This we say in familiar language of a person completely under the influence of Morpheus; and we generally imagine the simile taken from the momentary pause of a peg-top, or humming-top, when its rotatory motion is at the height. But no such thing: the word *top* is Italian. *Topo*, in that language, signifies a mouse; it is the generic name, and applied indiscriminately to the common mouse, field mouse, and dormouse, from which the Italian proverb "*ei dorme cum un topo*" is derived: Anglice, "he sleeps like a top."

The following notice of the change of meaning in words is curious, and exhibits as singular a perversion of original meaning as Mr. O'Connell made, when he called the rebellion in Ireland 'an exaggeration of a principle which is in itself grand and noble.'

The meaning of the word *villain* was formerly very different from its present signification. Villain originally meant a sort of slave or drudge, a degree lower than the thresher's servant or *knave*, and was only considered so far reproachful, as it denoted great inferiority of birth or station. The word *knave* has also undergone the same deterioration in meaning, it having been originally derived from *gnavus*, active or diligent, and formerly signified a servant, merely, in whom diligence and activity are excellent qualities. In this sense it is worthy of observation that, in a very old translation of the Bible, St. Paul is called "the *Knave* of Christ."—Dryden also uses the word:—

"He eats and drinks with his domestic slaves,
A verier hind than any of his *knaves*."

"*I have Paid my Shot*."—"Shot" is a common mode of expression among the commonality, to denote a reckoning, &c. "I have paid my shot," or rather "scott," from "scottum," a tax or contribution, a shot."

"*The higher the Ape goes the more he shows his Tail*."—This is an excellent proverb, and

signifies that the higher low-bred vulgar persons are advanced, the more they expose themselves."

"*Skin-Flint*."—The antiquity of certain proverbs is among the most striking singularities in the annals of the human mind. Abdalmalek, one of the khaliffs of the race of Omniades, was surnamed, by way of sarcasm, Raschal Hegiarah, that is, "the skinner of a flint;" and to this day we call an avaricious man a skin-flint."

The second division of this work is entitled *Miscellanea*: in this the editor gives an account of the game of 'Scotch and English, or Beggarly Scot,' which he does not seem to know is, in at least one part of the north of England, called by the name of 'Beggar my Neighbour.' From this portion, we shall make a few extracts, and return to the volume in our next. The first we shall quote is on—

"*The Magic Circle of the Druids*.—It was the custom among the Druids to administer justice on the spot by the presiding Druid, *sub dio*, within the circle or ray, which, therefore, was equivalent to our bar. Any person being thus, in the name of justice, put under the circumscription of a line drawn round him, was obliged to stand fixed to the spot, under the severest penalties, both spiritual and temporal. From the word *ray* may be derived *Rhea*, the goddess of justice; *rheus*, the party accused, and perhaps religion.—From this ray, as mentioned above, it was deemed the highest of all crimes to escape, or to transgress it till delivered by justice; and hence superstition (of *super* upon, and *stare* to stand, a term of which many have sought the derivation in vain), or continuing thus to stand on one spot until duly discharged, was at first a serious and sacred word, but in process of time, through abuse, has, like many other words in our language, acquired a reproachful signification. Religion even, as it appears in Latin (*ligare* signifying to bind), is almost literally the being bound by the ray. In this institution, we have also the most probable origin of the magic circle, of which some traces are to be found in almost all countries. The magician's wand was nothing but the bough by which the party arraigned at (*at ray in*) was arrested (*at ray est*). Of this custom we have some remains to this day, in the constable's staff and sheriff's wand."

'Here, also, is found the true reason why jurymen, being once charged with a prisoner, could not depart till they had acquitted or condemned him. The trial having formerly been in the open air, and the culprit under no confinement but that of the superstition of the ray, or circle of justice, by which he was surrounded, that bond might seem to be dissolved when the jury had taken cognizance of his case. Their departure must have been considered as a termination of procedure, and the prisoner *ipso facto* at liberty."

"*Vivant Rex et Regina*.—At the end of the piece, the actors in noblemen's houses and taverns, where plays were frequently performed, prayed for the health and prosperity of their patrons, and in the public

theatres, for the king and queen. This prayer sometimes made part of the epilogue: hence, probably, as Mr. Stevens observes, the addition of *Vivant Rex et Regina*, to the modern play-bills."

"*The manner of Watchmen intimating the Clock, at Herrnhuth, in Germany*."

VIII. Past eight o'clock! O, Herrnhuth, do thou ponder;

Eight souls in Noah's ark were living yonder.

IX. 'Tis nine o'clock! ye brethren, hear it striking;

Keep hearts and houses clean, to our Saviour's liking.

X. Now, brethren, hear, the clock is ten and passing;

None rest but such as wait for Christ embracing.

XI. Eleven is past! still at this hour eleven,
The Lord is calling us from earth to Heaven.

XII. Ye brethren, hear, the midnight clock is humming;

At midnight, our great Bridegroom will be coming.

I. Past one o'clock; the day breaks out of darkness:

Great morning-star appear, and break our hardness.

II. 'Tis two! on Jesus wait this silent season,
Ye two so near related, will and reason.

III. The clock is three! the blessed Three doth merit

The best of praise, from body, soul, and spirit.

IV. 'Tis four o'clock, when three make supplication,

The Lord will be the fourth on that occasion.

V. Five is the clock! five virgins were discarded,

When five with wedding garments were rewarded.

VI. The clock is six, and I go off my station;

Now, brethren, watch yourselves for your salvation."

We shall conclude with a finishing subject—on Jack Ketch:—

"*Jack Ketch*.—In 1663, Dun was the name of the public executioner, and the executioners long after that went by the same name. Mr. Butler, in his "Proposals for farming Liberty of Conscience," published in 1663, amongst other resolutions, gives the following one. "Resolved, that a day of solemn fasting be; and, among many other particulars, lastly to be delivered from the hand of Dun, that uncircumcised Philistine." His predecessor's name was Gregory, as appears from the prologue to *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, a tragi-comedy, acted at Paris, in 1641:

"This trembles under the black rod, and he
Doth fear his fate from the *Gregorian* tree:"

and in a paper called "The Parliament Kite," 1648, mention is made of him:

"What would you say to see them fall

With both their houses vile,

Because they have deceiv'd us all,

Now *Gregory* they'll beguile!"

'Sir William Segar, garter king-at-arms, was imposed upon by Brook, a herald, who procured him, by artifice, to confirm arms to Gregory Brandon, who was found to be common hangman of London. And from him,

probably, the hangman was called Gregory for some time. The name of Dun, which succeeded that of Gregory, is mentioned by Cotton, in *Virgil Travestie*, published in 1670, b. 4, p. 124:

"Away, therefore, my lass does trot,
And presently an halter got,
Made of the best string hempen teer,
And, 'ere a cat could lick her ear,
Had tied it up, with as much art
As *Dun* himself could do for his heart."

The name of Dun was continued to these finishers of the law twelve years longer, when one "Jack Ketch," about one hundred and forty years ago, was advanced to that office, who has left his name to his successors ever since. This appears from *Butler's Ghost*, published in 1682. When the author wrote the first part of it, it is plain that Dun was the executioner's name or nick-name:

"For you yourself to act 'Squire *Dun*—
Such ignominy ne'er saw the sun;"

but before he had printed off his poem, Jack Ketch was in office:

"Till *Ketch* observing he was chous'd,
And in his profits much abus'd,
In open hall the tribune dunn'd,
To do his office, or refund."

None of these, however, in their office, could come up to the Dutch headsman, mentioned by Mr. Cleveland, and of whom it was reported, "that he would do his office with so much ease and dexterity, that the head, after the execution, should stand still upon the shoulders."

The following relation is extracted from "Hatton's Derby,"—

About the reign of Oliver Cromwell, or the beginning of Charles the Second's, a whole family, consisting of a father and two sons, of the name of *Crosland*, were tried at Derby assizes, and condemned for horse-stealing. As the offence was not capital, the Bench, after sentence, entertained the cruel whim of extending mercy to one of the criminals, but upon this barbarous condition, that the pardoned man should hang the other two. Where favour wantons in cruelty, it becomes detestable, and gives greater offence than even the culprits. The offer was made to the father, being the senior. As distress is the season for reflection, he replied with meekness, "Was it ever known that a father hanged his children? How can I take away those lives which I have given, have cherished, and which of all things are most dear?" He bowed, declined the offer, and gave up his life; but this noble reply ought to have pleaded his pardon. It was then made to the eldest son, who trembling answered, "Though life is the most valuable of all possessions, yet even that may be purchased too dear—I cannot consent to preserve my existence by taking away his who gave it; nor could I face the world, or even myself, should I be left the only branch of that family I had destroyed." Love, tenderness, compassion, and all the appendages of honour, must have associated in returning this answer. The proposition was then made to the youngest son, John, who accepted it with an avidity that seemed to tell the court, he would hang half the creation, and even his own judges, sooner than be a sufferer him-

self. He performed the fatal work without remorse, upon his father and brother; in which he acquitted himself with such dexterity, that he was appointed to the office of hangman in Derby, and two or three neighbouring counties, and continued in it to extreme age. So void was he of feeling for distress, that he rejoiced at a murder, because it brought him the prospect of a guinea. Perhaps he was the only man in court who could hear with pleasure a sentence of death. The bodies of the executed were his perquisite: signs of life have been known to return after the execution, in which case he prevented the growing existence by violence.—Loving none, and beloved by none, he spent a life of enmity with man. The very children pelted him in the streets: the mothers endeavoured to stop the infant cry with the name of "John *Crosland*." He died about the year 1705.

Time's Telescope for 1826. 12mo pp. 330.
London, Sherwood and Co.

TWELVE successive and successful volume of the *Time's Telescope*, and the appearance of the thirteenth volume, praised by critics until the terms of praise have been exhausted, are proofs of the estimation in which it is held by the public, and its popularity, we think, has been justly earned. The volume for 1826 does not, however, appear to us one of the best; it is true, that customs on particular days may well be exhausted in a period of thirteen years, but events are not, and these, if well selected, would maintain the interest. The principal attention the editor has paid to this subject, is in giving well known accounts of popish massacres; but we neither blame nor wonder at his increased zeal against popery, when we see it so active and so anxious to regain all its former tyrannical power and murderous barbarity.

Time's Telescope has always been a favorite with us, and we esteem it so much, that we will give the best proof of our friendship by pointing out its faults. In the volume before us, there is too great a partiality for quaker poetry (we might say for poetry at all) and too much eulogy on a few books and a few authors, which, however sincere, and we doubt not it is so, will scarcely obtain that credit by those unacquainted with the amiable editor. We formerly noticed that Mr. Bernard Barton occupied too much space in the *Time's Telescope*, we now find him joined by Mr. Wiffen, the Howitts, and Eleanor Dickenson, all members of the Society of friends—and all possessing talents, but whose poetic lucubrations, whether original or not, occupy too much room in this work.

As an instance of the editor going out of his way to pay a compliment, we would notice his only record for the 28th of September, which, after stating that Dr. Davis, the founder of the Royal Universal Dispensary for children, died on that day, expresses great pleasure that a Mr. Woodham had been appointed, not successor to Dr. Davis, but resident apothecary, in the room, we believe, of a Mr. Grant, who has gone to Mexico on a good appointment. Now, we want to know

what the appointment of Mr. Woodham has to do with a work of this sort, any more than the translations or collations in the church, the promotions in the army, or any change that may have taken place in any public office, civil or political.

Having thus pointed out what we consider a few faults in the *Time's Telescope* for 1826, we shall with more pleasure dwell on its merits. Some of the most striking, because most discernible improvements in the present volume, are, that it is much better printed, contains more matter, and possesses a fine embellishment, in an engraving of Corregio's *Madonna and Child*, from the celebrated picture in the National Gallery, Pall Mall. There are, also, two good introductory poems, by Wiffen, and Blackwood's *Delta*, and a well written essay on the physical powers of man, by Dr. Myers. In the body of the work we also see with pleasure, that the editor has attended more to the necrology of the year; he has also gleaned from the MSS. in the Lansdown collection in the British Museum, some notices which had hitherto escaped less industrious persons. A few of those we quote. Under the head of Easter day, we are told—

"This solemnity of Easter (says Bishop Kennett) was anciently observed in Ireland with so great superstition, that they thought it lawful "to steal and rapping all the year, to hoard up provisions against this festival time."

Had the good bishop lived to the present time he would have found that an Irish Easter was not confined to one day, so far as rapine was concerned. Again,

"In Ireland, at Easter, a cake, with a garland of meadow flowers, is elevated upon a circular board upon a pike, apples being stuck upon pegs around the garland. Men and women then dance round, and they who hold out longest win the prize. Plutarch mentions a trial for dancing, a cake the prize."

In the puritanical times of Cromwell, a pretty custom in the parish of Twickenham was abolished, as appears by the following senatorial mandate: "April 2, 1645. Order'd in the H. of Comm. that the custom of the parish of Twitnam (being that on Easter Day two great cakes should be broken in the church, and given to the young people) should be forborn, and instead thereof, bread be given to the poor."—(*Whitt. Mem.*, p. 135.)

It was an old custom for the barbers to come and shave the parishioners in the churchyard, on Sundays and high festivals (as Easter, &c.) before matins, which liberty was restrained by a particular inhibition of Richard Flemmyng, Bishop of Lincoln, A. D. 1422.—*Vid. Reg. Flemmyng*.

Under Valentine's Day we learn that—
"John Gee, in his Hold Fast Sermon (A. D. 1624), says, "The Jesuites upon St. Valentine's day do chuse some female saint for their valentine: one takes St. Agatha, another St. Clare, another St. Lucie, another St. Catherine, another St. Cicely, &c. I ask't them what they meant to chuse such valentines. They answered me, that, in respect of their vow, they could have no valen-

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time that lived here upon earth, and, in regard of their evangelical life, they were to chuse valentines in heaven. I asked them whether they thought those saints knew that they had chosen them for their valentines. Oh, yes, say they, we shall be honoured all this year by that valentine we make choice of, and she will intercede for us, and to some of us our valentine doth appear in visible bodily shape, telling us what to do all ye year after."

'According to Mr. Aubrey, a curious method of choosing valentines was formerly practised in North Wilts, in Kent, and many other parts of England. The maid-servants, observes our antiquary, were wont at night (after supper) to make smoothe the ashes on the hearth, and then to make streaks on it with a stick; such a streak signified privately, to her that made it, such an unmarried man, such a one such a mayd: the like for men, then the men and the mayds were to choose, by this kind of way, their husbands and wyfes; or by this divination to know whom they should marry. The maydes, I remember, were very fond of this kind of magick.—*Aubrey MS., A. D. 1686.*'

The following memoir of Mr. Pennie has in some degree been anticipated by a biographical notice of the author in a review of one of his poems in *The Literary Chronicle*: we insert it, however, on the triple ground of the interest it possesses, the justice it does to Mr. Pennie's talents, and in the hope it may call attention to him and his works. The memoir occurs under the date of February 14, as on that day, in the year 1789, James Frank Pennie was born:—

'The subject of this notice is a poet of no common order, the events of whose life cannot fail to excite the most unfeigned pity. He was born of an ancient, but very reduced family, at East-Lulworth, in Dorsetshire, where he still resides. His education was entirely neglected, as he was only at school for seven weeks; but, notwithstanding his disadvantages in this respect, his thirst for knowledge was great, and he took every possible opportunity of satisfying his ardent desires. The companion of his childhood was the son of a clergyman; and when this youth first went to school, Pennie anxiously anticipated his return at the vacations, that he might participate in the knowledge he had acquired. The boy used to repeat some of the finest passages of Milton, Thomson, Pope, Shakspeare, and others; Pennie listened with rapture, and devoured the words as they fell from his lips. 'Twas then,' says he, in a MS. abstract of his life, which he drew up at the request of some friends, "the enthusiasm of poetic inspiration took possession of my soul, which has ever since been my highest joy." From this early period he began to compose and read incessantly, though his father decidedly opposed his wishes.

'Before he was fifteen, he had written a tragedy, which, about the year 1802, he showed to a gentleman then residing in the neighbourhood, who was pleased with it, and on taking it to London obtained the promise of a situation for him in a public office. On

Pennie's arrival in London, however, he found he was too late; the situation had been disposed of, and the gentleman left him a stranger in the vast metropolis, giving him a guinea, and telling him he could do no more for him. He was thus left without a friend. The only person to whom he had been introduced was connected with one of the minor theatres. He approved of the tragedy as a literary production, though unfit to be brought before the public; and encouraged Pennie to return home, with a promise that, if he would write others, better suited for representation, he would bring them forward. Another was composed, but refused, and the disconsolate writer heard no more of his supposed friend. He afterwards obtained a situation in a solicitor's office at Bristol, but ill health prevented his remaining there. He was next engaged as a tutor in a school in Devonshire.

'Some time after this he married, but his circumstances, instead of improving, became worse; as, at the birth of his first child, he had but five shillings in the world. Poverty, with all its attendant evils of sickness and distress, was then his lot. "It was now," he observes, "among these scenes of trial and sorrow, that I commenced writing *The Royal Minstrel*. I may say the ink with which I wrote was mingled with bitter tears; and one whole winter of the time we had not any fuel to burn, except what I picked up privately in the woods." After proceeding for some time, Pennie showed his work to some friends who had approved of a previous poem of Bonaparte, written in 1804. He obtained one hundred subscribers, and after much difficulty got a printer at Dorchester to undertake the work; and, while it was going through the press, frequently walked from Lulworth to Dorchester (about fifteen miles), and back again the same day, to correct the proof sheets. The work, however, was completed in 1818, and reprinted again in London in the following year.

'About this time he commenced a small school; but a Roman Catholic schoolmaster in the village, who had a fixed salary, house, &c., opened his school for Protestant boys free, and hence all resource from such an undertaking was cut off. Finding his work remain unsold, he determined to dispose of it by travelling from town to town, and, after much fatigue, ultimately parted with nearly the whole impression. The cost of printing, and the expense of travelling, though on foot, was great; and, after paying a few other debts, his circumstances were upon the whole but little improved. The sale of his work, however, procured him some letters of introduction to the London booksellers, and on going to the metropolis he sold the copyright of his poem for a trifling sum. It was on this journey, in 1818, by way of Bath, that he first met with the Rev. Josiah Allport, then curate of Chippenham, a man of Christian kindness and extensive benevolence, who has since been Pennie's greatest benefactor. On returning home, he composed, amidst much distress, his tragedy of *Ethelwolf*, and a second epic poem, named *Rogvald*. He was again obliged to try his

fortune among the booksellers in London; and all he obtained for his copyright was barely sufficient to pay the expenses of his journey; so that, on arriving at home, he found he had scarcely enough to purchase a loaf of bread. His miseries seemed to have reached their climax; he lost all confidence in the God who had hitherto supported him, and was about to plunge at once into a dread unknown futurity. At this moment of accumulated agony, he determined to state his case fully to Mr. Allport. To this noble-minded individual the broken heart did not apply in vain. Mr. Allport entered with alacrity and true feeling into every part of the case, and, having scrutinized Pennie's moral character, and proved his uncommon talents, made every effort to obtain for him temporary, and, if possible, permanent relief.

'In the year 1823, his *Rogvald*—an Epic Poem, in Twelve Books, appeared; and the sale of this, with some pecuniary assistance from friends, enabled him to pursue his literary labours with a transient hope of success. His works, however, were never sufficiently brought before the public in the first reviews of the day; and, through this unmerited neglect, the poet has been debarred from those opportunities of obtaining public patronage which other writers enjoy. The wretchedness of extreme poverty was again his lot, and the unbounded gratitude he had evinced for what had been done for him before, induced his kind benefactor to devise fresh means for his relief. He stated the circumstances in *The Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*, and strongly urged his case upon the generosity of the public; while to the liberality of the editor of that excellent journal, and to the earnestness with which his cause was pleaded in this paper, from week to week, is to be attributed the success attendant on these honourable exertions. A sufficiency was thus collected merely "to feed the lamp of life" for a short time, while his pen was employed on fresh subjects. Early in the summer of 1825, his *Scenes in Palestine, or Dramatic Sketches from the Bible*, were published—a poem which we strongly recommend to the notice of our friends. And, we are sure, when they are informed that the unfortunate author, his wife, child, and mother, are dependent for support on the sale of his various productions, we shall not appeal in vain to the benevolence of our readers.'

Some of the biographical notices are not so ample as they ought to have been, and the editor has drawn too freely from Pepsy's Memoirs—a silly book, which is heavy enough to sink any thing with which it is connected, so buoyant a work as *Time's Telescope* excepted.

An Essay on the Weeds of Agriculture, with their Common and Botanical Names, their respective Characters and Bad Qualities; also Practical Remarks on their Destruction. The Posthumous Work of BENJAMIN HOLDICH, Esq. Edited by G. SINCLAIR, F. L. S. F. H. S. 8vo. pp. 78. London, 1825. Ridgway.

ENGAGED as we are in cultivating the grain and keeping down the weeds of literature, we

may be considered, and indeed are not, very competent judges of a treatise on the weeds of agriculture; a work, however, begun by Mr. Holdich, who was not only Editor of the Farmers' Journal, but a practical farmer all his life, and finished by Mr. Sinclair, who is a nurseryman, may be fairly supposed to possess some merit; this, we doubt not, is sufficient to recommend it to the agriculturist, who will find an additional motive for purchasing it, when he is reminded that, by so doing, he will contribute to the widow and family of Mr. Holdich; (to whom the profits are assigned,) who, by his writings, conferred no ordinary benefit on the cultivators of land.

ORIGINAL.

ON PERSONIFICATIONS OF THE DEITY.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—I trust you will allow me to make a few remarks on the article on Martin's Creation, in your last number. The writer has advanced an opinion which I cannot help considering to be erroneous,—namely, that it is allowable for artists to attempt to represent the Deity, in painting, under a human form, because he is *personified* in the sacred writings. But there is a very wide difference between a verbal and a graphic personification, which seems to be entirely overlooked by the author of that article, who contends, that if it be improper to delineate the Supreme Being in a visible form, such personification of Him as is employed in the Holy Scriptures is also objectionable. Does he then not perceive the wide difference between the vague figures of language, and the palpable and defined images presented to the eye by the pencil? Many poetical expressions, highly picturesque and graphic, so long as they are confined merely to words, become absolutely absurd when attempted to be embodied by the painter. And if this be the case with regard to visible objects, how much more must it be so, when the invisible and incomprehensible—that which is alike concealed from mortal eye and mortal intellect, is thus treated. The monstrous extravagances into which artists have always fallen, whenever they have thus profanely sought to embody the Uncreated, so revolting to reflecting minds, and so little edifying to any, might be thought sufficient to deter any man of the least discretion from such impiety; for so must I consider it, as I really can see but little difference, in point of effect, between the blasphemous print so daringly exhibited at Carlile's shop-window, and even the production of a Raphael himself, however much there may be in point of intention. The representations of the Trinity, by Catholic painters, have always scandalized me as impious caricatures; and one would rather conceive them to be intended to burlesque so awful a mystery, than to treat it with due reverence.—To mention but one of the absurdities,—and that, too, one of the least into which artists must inevitably fall in depicting the Deity, they invariably represent him under the form of an old man, as if age was an attribute to the Godhead,—as if the eternal I AM, could be in the least degree subject to one of the infirmities of our mortal, terrestrial

nature. If, on the other hand, an opposite practice be resorted to, and the artist delineate the Supreme Lord and Father of all in the radiance of immortal youth, the incongruity would seem hardly less. I would, therefore, even at the risk of being thought 'over squeamish,' deprecate any visible representation of the Almighty Intelligence, since, however well executed, merely with reference to art, however sublime it might be as a mere human figure, it can neither assist nor elevate our ideas of the Divinity, but rather tend to debase and lower them—to unspiritualize the object of our worship as Christians, and to undeify his essence, by arraying him in the perishable garb of mortality. In times of blind and gross superstition, besotted ignorance may tolerate, or even admire such profane representations, but among men at all capable of feeling the immense difference between the visible and invisible world, no love of art, no admiration of its powers, ought for an instant to tolerate what, from the limited nature of our faculties, must be absurd in the extreme. w.

THE ROUT—A SKETCH OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

'The rout is come.'

'WELL,' said Charles, as he lounged upon the sofa, 'if ever I go to another of these Bath routs, may I be cursed with an hour's tête-à-tête with all the old maids in Christendom; and, Heaven knows, that I have had a surfeit of them to-night. I am only surprised, my dear mother, how you can admire all this bustling and squeezing.' These last words were directed to a fine handsome woman, of about forty, who was recruiting herself from the fatigue she had just undergone by deluging her temples and forehead with *Eau de Cologne*. She had been married very young, lost her husband about a year after their marriage, and had continued ever since in a state of single blessedness, alternately dividing her time between her only son, and all the gaieties of fashionable life. Though the freshness and lambent light of youth had faded from her cheek, she still seemed a being formed in a superior mould to those around her; she was still one of those favourites of nature, whom men look upon with a sort of deep and devoted admiration, and, as they turn their eyes upon the younger beauties around them, in spite of the comparison between youth and age, still feel bound to acknowledge their pre-eminence; like the sun, she shed a deeper and holier glow around her in her decline. These are not qualities to induce any woman to forsake the world and the world's ways; and though the buoyancy and levity of her early spirits were mellowed down to a more even flow, she was still proud to be pointed out as 'the handsome Mrs. Belville,' and still plunged with enthusiasm and avidity into all the dissipation which such places as London, Bath, Brighton, &c. could afford. As the last words of her son fell upon her ear, she placed the bottle of *Eau de Cologne* upon the table, and you might see a slight flush of pride and displeasure pass across her cheek; but it was soon gone, like the shadow that flits across

a meadow, and, in a mild tone, she took up the defence of her dearly-loved gaiety.—'Why now, my dear Charles, you are only out of temper because you were not near enough to catch Miss —, when she fainted from the heat of the room. To be sure the party was very crowded, but that is but a slight grievance to be weighed against the pleasure of being a party amongst so bright an assemblage of rank and fashion. All Bath was there, and I would not have missed it upon any consideration. Did you observe Lady. —?' 'Observe! why it was as much as I could do to save my coat from being torn off my back, and I am sure that I shall be lame for the next fortnight, for every old miss that wished to get forward to the ice-tray, if she could not absolutely push me back, manœuvred most dexterously to tread upon my toes, and then reach out her long bony arm, like a kite just within reach of his prey.' 'Come, come, Charles, don't be so ill-natured; you only look upon the dark side of the picture; and because the room was rather full, and you got a little squeezed, you deal out your thunders against the life and soul of society, against all ranks, all persons, and all routs.' 'A little squeezed do you call it?—Why you know, Mrs. Belville, that the very staircase was crammed full when we went in, that we were at least half an hour before we could get into the room, and, when there, a whole hour before we could get out again. And then you talk about rank, and fashion, and beauty, of seeing my lady this, and my lord that, but your optics are blessed with a happier vision than mine, for I could see nothing but a pack of old tabbies all round me, peering into my face, and looking as malicious at each other as two cats poaching over the same ground; who possess nothing in common with humanity except its distortions; whose countenances give the lie to their words; who can smile at the same moment that they are making the most malicious remark upon their neighbours; and fawn, and flatter, and cajole, whilst their features only express envy and ill-will. If this is what you call gaining a knowledge of the world, my prayer is much like that of the young Numidians,

"May Juba ever live in ignorance."

'But, my dear boy, life is not a path of velvet; you must not expect all sweets without alloy; the rose has its thorns; the sun will not always shine out with the same temperate warmth; the earth has its hills and vallies, and life its ups and downs. What I contend for, and I am ready to allow that a rout has its inconveniences, is, that the antidote is more potent than the bane, the gratification than the displeasure.' 'If you had the eloquence of Cicero, and the power of Demosthenes—if you were to argue from this time forth to the ending of the world, you would never make me a convert to your opinion. I accede to your philosophy, and acknowledge its truth, for I have experienced it; I have felt the rose's thorn; I have groaned under the mid-day sun; and the other day I toiled up to Lansdown to pay that greatest bore on earth—a morning call. I am willing to taste the sweets and bitters of

life; but no honey most disp and broke now dete constant • Well, C down in you to be invitation will have • Whatev gotten m which I n any light vulgarity, only hand night org saw poor thanks to of those her. The cated; th heard her water, or the door; help her, because it move farth while each to clutch pered app young gir ground. case, had Captain — of his poli an angel f dozen old lavish on but I shall all the old bear, and so do I.' I told you we should routs.' 'I never c that I ne you. For me? To to any but no conver gaged with another. afford? C of society. the players thing but sage with lings unde dity with v distrustful up the car prying eye which they they are at hand and a string the f lost rubber tion of the jection of t less night v

life; but a Bath rout is all wormwood, and no honey. The last I go to I am always the most disgusted with, and I have resolved, and broken my resolve so often, that I am now determined to show myself a little more constant, and never appear at another.'—

'Well, Charles, I do not see another rout down in the invitation book, so I will allow you to be resolute and manful till the next invitation comes, by which time I hope you will have evaporated all your spleen.'—

'Whatever I may do, I shall never have forgotten my dislike to these mummeries, in which I never see human nature displayed in any light but an unfavourable one; rudeness, vulgarity, scandal, and greediness, are the only handmaids that attend upon these midnight orgies. My very heart sickened as I saw poor Maria fainting, and could not, thanks to the charity and human kindness of those around me, get forward to assist her. They saw the poor girl almost suffocated; they saw her cheek turn pale; they heard her voice falter as she begged a glass of water, or at least room to advance towards the door; but not a hand was stretched out to help her, not a step fell back to give her way, because it would have taken them one remove farther from the ices and jellies, and while each arm was strained to its utmost to clutch a small gratification to their pampered appetites, they would have left a lovely young girl to fall down in a swoon upon the ground. And this would have been the case, had not the good-hearted naval officer, Captain —, let his humanity get the better of his politeness, and rushed forward to save an angel from falling, by oversetting half a dozen old—old—. Well, well, I will not lavish on them the censure they deserve; but I shall always honour the captain, though all the old women in Bath call him a brute, a bear, and what not—he laughs at them, and so do I.' 'Ah, Charles, I see how it is;—as I told you before, if Maria had not fainted, we should not have had this tirade against routs.' 'Indeed but you would; you know I never could bear them; and you know that I never went to one but to please you. For what delights can they bring to me? To see and be seen is little gratification to any but a puppy or a coquette. There is no conversation—every one is too much engaged with self to cast a single thought upon another. And what amusements do they afford? Cards, forsooth, the curse and bane of society. Look upon the countenances of the players; what is pictured there?—Anything but happiness. Observe the blank visage with which each deposit their two shillings under the candlestick; look at the avidity with which they grasp a trick; the low distrustful cunning with which they squeeze up the cards in their hands, for fear of the prying eye of a neighbour; the malice with which they accuse their partner's play, when they are at fault themselves; the trembling hand and angry glance with which they unstring the fine gold tinsel purse to pay for a lost rubber; think of the ungenerous exultation of the one party, and the disgraceful dejection of the other; then think of the restless night which follows their loss; how the

downy pillow is turned into a flinty rock; and how the next day's meal shall do penance for the last night's losses; for you know, my dear mother, as well as I, how most old maids here live; a garret and a crust of bread at home, that they may be able to make all this show of wealth and splendour abroad.' 'Were I not Alexander, I would be Diogenes,' said Mrs. Belville, with a mixture of satire and approbation, as if she felt the truth of her son's words, and yet was unwilling to acknowledge it. 'I wish to be neither,' continued Charles, 'but still less do I wish even to be present at another rout; for, as I have often told you, I consider them a pain instead of a pleasure, and much more calculated to corrupt than ameliorate society. They are not fit for young people; for you never see a light heart or a happy face at one. Extravagance, confusion, bustle, hauling, pushing—in short, a London mob is not much worse. Then to see a pack of old women, who are ashamed to show their faces under the broad light of day, for fear that the defects of age should be too visible to the world, creeping forth under the cover of night, and, beneath the fictitious glare of candle-light, "coining their cheeks to smiles," and exposing their shrivelled arms and necks, to disgust instead of captivate, smirking at the flattery whose satire they saw not, or will not understand; arraying themselves in jewels and satins, as if the diamond's blaze would make up for the faded lustre of their eyes, and doing all but making actual love to any young man they can catch hold of; this is what I do not, cannot, and will not admire. You, my dear mother, are not an old maid you know, and are still greeted as the best ornament to the ball room; why then desert this for the scene I have set before you, and which we have both just witnessed?' 'Well, well, Charles,' said Mrs. Belville, as she rose from her seat, smiling at the compliment her son had paid her, 'we will not sit here all night to discuss the merits or demerits of a rout. We shall go to the rooms to-morrow, to the theatre on Friday, and to a ball in the Crescent on Monday next; so we must endeavour to forget the heinous offences of those fashionables who are resolved to give their own parties after their own tastes, without consulting your's.'

THE REIGNING SOVEREIGNS OF THE WORLD.
[The following rather severe but clever article is copied from The Montreal Herald of the 8th of October, but whether it is original there or not we cannot say:—]

Eastern v Western Legitimacy

IN this age of improvements, when we have geological maps, historical maps, and in fact more maps than we have a market for, it has always struck us as unaccountable that some son of the 'sea-girt isle' has not attempted to give us a map showing the relative civilization, the religious cast, and the political happiness and refinement of the different states and divisions of the world. We have always beheld with contempt those haughty ambitious airs of pretension which Europe has in this respect so long assumed over the rest of the world. Conscious of our own strength, we are not unwilling to run a

parallel between the general character, the acquirements, and the personal accomplishments of a few of the eastern potentates, and those of the most celebrated of the European sovereigns. The characters of sovereigns and their subjects act and re-act upon each other to such an extent, that if we succeed in assigning to the Asiatic princes a superiority over the flaunting legitimates of Europe, their subjects will naturally take their place above those of the European nations. We will, therefore, give a rapid but faithful sketch of the characters of

'Those holy gentlemen, who've shown a
Regard so kind for Europe's weal
At Troppau, Laybach, and Verona.'

The Emperor of Austria has signalized himself by marrying five wives. He may be reckoned one of the most assiduous admirers of some of the practical principles of the Essay on Population, yet his works prove him a decided Anti-Malthusian.

Ferdinand of Spain has acquired such a profound knowledge of needle work, as to fill the mantua makers and tailors, in and about St. James's Street, with exceeding jealousy, and the sempstresses of Paris with the most unequivocal admiration.

'The Emperor Sandy,
Half Cæsar, half dandy,'

is a muscular exquisite of forty, who has astonished Europe by the graceful languor of his waltzing, and more especially by the inimitable beauty of his *pirouettes*.

The King of England has immortalized himself by his correct taste for architecture, and by his plan of the palace at Brighton.

Frederic of Prussia has never yet been equalled in his taste for hussar dresses. His valuable repository of patterns has long been the admiration of the kings of Europe.

The King of France is known to head a procession to Notre-Dame in the most impressive manner, and to repeat an Ave-Maria so as to bear a comparison with his holiness the pope.

Old Don John of Portugal, the hen-picked king, is a mirror of patience for obedient husbands. Were not his Dollalolla such a 'queen of sluts,' this Lusitanian prince might make his subjects happy.

His holiness the sovereign Pontiff of Rome is a mighty sportsman, who in running down a *hen-quail*, hooking a *soal*, or baiting a *bull*, might well be entitled to enrol his name among the fancy at the Fives Court.

From the contemplation of such worthies the mind turns with rapture to 'the great monarch, who received from Heaven and revolving nature the dominion of the world.' Taou-Kwang, emperor of China, who certainly cannot waltz, or embroider a petticoat; but we will say it—and we say it with pride—that in writing bombast, talking nonsense, or ploughing an acre of land, we will back him against the whole Holy Allowance. The judgment with which he issues his mandates to the nations, the tact with which he evades a cross question, and the dexterity of hand and quickness of eye with which he guides his plough, would, we have no doubt, elicit the warm and honest eulogies of the Surrey

magistrates themselves, were they ever to visit the celestial empire.

The Emperor of the Burmans, he of the 'golden ears,' is an exquisite of the first water, and stands unrivalled in the annals of elephant hunting. In throwing the noose he could give twenty-three and the bask to the hunters of Ava.

His majesty of Cochin China, the illustrious Ming-Ming, is an adept deep in the science of *humming* and *fudging*. The happy manner in which he mystifies the most simple proposition would raise a sigh in the bosom of even our friend Bill Cobbett, the bone-grubber.

The Queen of Thibet has acquired such a love for the Christian religion as to request of the pope a bishop and *eighty* missionaries to convert her subjects to Christianity; indeed it is rumoured that the Begum Sumroo will be canonized.

The lord-paramount of the Kings of Arabia and Persia, the 'inheritor of the throne of Solomon,' Futteh Ullee Shah, has long been the admiration and envy of the surrounding nations for the length and blackness of his beard and the number of his wives.

'The Giant Smuggler,' the sitter on the throne of Aurungzebe, is a powerful monarch, who has rendered himself famous by the happy manner in which he collects his taxes, and dispenses justice.—In levying contributions on his neighbours, he is not to be equalled by the most experienced *crammers* in Christendom.

The monarch of Lahore, Runjeet Singh, is a Bonaparte in miniature, and has for his motto, 'I neither rest nor let rest.' His turbulent eye often wanders over the rich plains of Hindostan—but he is afraid of 'the smuggler.'

And though last not least, the sublime Porte—a personage.

'Shawled to the nose and bearded to the eyes, Snatched from a prison to preside at court,

His lately bowstrung brother caused him rise, who beheading a wuseer, bowstringing a bashaw, or strangling a patriarch, speaks as coolly and feels quite as much at home, as Sir William Curtis in bolting a pâté à la Reine, or a brace of basins of that sovereign of savouriness, turtle soup.

We have thus, without leaning to oriental hyperbole, or becoming poetical in our praises, shadowed forth the prominent points and the tangible traits of the characters of the eastern sovereigns; and, as true journalists, we feel a just pride in seeing, that we have triumphantly established, if not a superiority, at least an equality between the kings and magistrates of the east and west.

IRREGULAR ODE
ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.
By the Rev. C. C. Colton.

[The following Ode, written by the author of *Lacon*, originally printed and privately circulated in Paris, has been published in *Friendship's Offering*.]

We mourn thy wreck;—that mighty mind
Did whirlwind passions 'whelm,
While Wisdom wavered, half inclined
To quit the dangerous helm;

Thou wast an argosy of cost,
Equipped, enriched in vain,
Of gods the work, of men the boast,
Glory thy port, and doomed to gain
That splendid haven, only to be lost;
Lost, e'en when Greece with conquest blest
Thy gallant bearing hailed,
Then sighs from valour's mailed breast,
And tears of beauty failed;
Oh, hadst thou in the battle died,
Triumphant e'en in death,
The patriot's as the poet's pride,
While both Minervas twined thy wreath,
Then had thy full career Malice and Fate defied.
What architect, with choice design,
Of Rome, or Athens styled,
Ere left a monument like thine?
And all from ruins piled;
A prouder motto marks thy stone,
Than Archimedes's tomb,
He asked a fulcrum, thou demandedst none,
But reckless of past, present, and to come,
Didst on thyself depend, to shake the world—
alone.

Thine eye, to all extremes and ends
And opposites could turn,
And like the congelated lens
Could sparkle, freeze, or burn;
But in thy mind's abyss profound,
As in some limbo vast,
More shapes and monsters did abound
To set the wondering world aghast,
Than wave-worn Noah fed, or starry Tuscan
found.

Was love thy lay, Cythæra reined
Her car, and owned the spell,
Was Hate thy theme, that murky fiend
For hotter earth, left hell;
The palaced crown, the cloistered cowl
Moved but thy spleen or mirth,
Thy smile was deadlier than thy scowl,
In guise unearthly didst thou roam the earth,
Screened in Thalia's mask, to drug the tragic
bowl.

Lord of thine own imperial sky,
In virgin 'pride of place,'
Thou soared'st, where others could not fly,
And hardly dared to gaze;
The Condor thus his pennonned vane
O'er Cotopaxa spreads,
But should he ken the prey, or scent the slain,
Nor chilling height, nor burning depth he
dreads,
From Ande's chrysal Crag, to Lima's sultry
plain.

Like Lucan's, *early* was thy tomb,
And *more* than Bion's mourned;
For *still* such lights themselves consume;
—The *brightest*, briefest burned—
But from thy blazing shield recoiled
Pale Envy's bolt of lead,
She, but to work thy triumphs toiled,
And muttering coward curses, fled,
Thee, thine own strength alone, like matchless
Milo.

We prize thee that thou didst not fear
What stoutest hearts might rack,
And didst the diamond genius wear,
That tempts yet foils the attack;
We mourn thee, that thou *wouldst* not find,
While prisoned in thy clay,
Since such there were, some kindred mind,
For friendship lasts through life's long day,
And doth with surer chain than love or beauty
bind;

We blame thee, that with baleful light
Thou didst astound the world,

A comet, plunging from his height,
And into chaos hurled;
Accorded king of anarch power,
And talent misapplied,
That hid thy God in evil hour,
Or showed Him only to deride,
And o'er the gifted blaze of thine own bright-
ness lour.

Thy fierce volcanic breast, o'ercast
With Hecla's frosty cloke,
All earth with fire impure could blast,
And darken heaven with smoke;
O'er ocean, continent, and isle,
The conflagration ran,
Thou, from thy throne of ice, the while,
Didst the red ruin calmly scan,
And tuned Apollo's harp, with Nero's ghastly
smile;

What now avails that muse of fire,
Her nothing of a name,
Thy master hand, and matchless lyre,
What have they gained?—but fame;
Fame, Fancy's child, by Folly fed
On breath of meanest things,
Aphantom woo'd in virtue's stead,
That envy to the living brings,
And silent solemn mockery to the dead.
Ne'er since the deep-toned Theban sung
Unto the listening Nine,
Hath classic hill or valley rung
With harmony like thine;
Who now shall wake thy widowed lyre?
There breathes but one, that dares
To that Herculean task aspire;
But, less than thou, for fame he cares,
And scorns both hope and fear, ambition and
desire.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

EVENTIDE.

THE dew-drops glitter on the grass
And sparkle on the spray;
Eve's balmy zephyrs rise and pass,
Like lovers' sighs, away.
It is the time I love to be
By wood or waterside;
For dearer far than morn to me,
Art thou—sweet Eventide!
Sweet season! at whose hallowed hour
The youth and maiden meet;
And tongue and tear the passion pour,
Of Love at Beauty's feet.
When eye and ear are sealed in sleep,
Where none may chase and chide,
The heavy heart still wakes to weep
Its woes at Eventide
Far from the world's care-trodden ways
I seek some lonely shade;
To muse upon departed days,
And friends, the far—the dead!
Though thoughts of grief now heave my heart,
Than morn or mid-day's pride
Of golden glare, more dear thou art,
Gray-mantled Eventide! JMLAH

THE TEAR OF SORROW.

THE tear that falls from Pity's eyes,
With heart for others bleeding,
When torn with pain some sufferer sighs,
For ease too vainly pleading:
The softest sigh mute Sorrow breathes
For drooping Beauty's flower;
The saddest garland Friendship wreathes
Round some deserted bower:
Must all to Julia's fate be giv'n,
No more our earthly treasure;
Accept them! where in highest heav'n
You taste eternal pleasure!

Such excellence, sweet saint, as thine,
 E'en Virtue's self might borrow ;—
 Still will I seek thy peaceful shrine,
 To shed the tear of Sorrow. J. M. L.

FINE ARTS.

THE NEW BUILDINGS FOR THE HIGH SCHOOL,
EDINBURGH.

FROM a view which we have seen of this projected edifice, we should say, that if the design of the architect be realized,—which does not uniformly happen in public structures, where either want of sufficient funds or other unforeseen circumstances occasion deviations from the original plans—his building will be very classical and picturesque, and will prove a great ornament to the northern Athens. Indeed its site—the south slope of the Calton Hill, is particularly favourable to its display, and Mr. Hamilton, the architect, appears to have formed his design more particularly with a view to the grouping of the various parts; and in this respect he has produced much originality and novelty, although the various features, considered separately, have no particular pretensions to this quality. We are by no means insensible of the value of elegance and purity of detail; still we are of opinion that our architects rely too much upon them for effect, and do not sufficiently attend to, or study that beauty which results from the general arrangement of an edifice; and upon which, after all, we must chiefly depend for novelty and variety. None but a professional man, or one who has studied the art, can discriminate the varieties of the same order, or appreciate those minute discrepancies that are at once obvious to a practised eye; but every person of ordinary taste is capable of relishing and understanding the picturesque value of a building—if we may so express ourselves,—that which arises from a skilful and masterly disposition of the chief parts, from judicious contrast, well-defined outline, and harmony of character. Let it be the principal and first aim of the architect to attain these; and afterwards he may attend to the niceties of detail as scrupulously as he pleases. But the truth is—let those gainsay it who can—very few modern architects indeed have proceeded thus, or seem even to have attempted it; and hence happens it that we have so many structures which, in spite of the ornament lavished upon them, have so meagre and paltry a character, and so much common-place insipidity; and yet they ought and are intended to be classical, and the details are accurately copied from good models. But all that is good in them is merely copied, nor have the designers been able to add an idea of their own, or shown themselves capable of combining a-new, so as to confer on them some degree of originality and infuse a new spirit into them, the materials with which the classic remains of antiquity have so amply furnished them. It is full time to break through this monotonous school-boy system, and to adopt one better calculated to promote a superior taste in architectural design.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE winter theatres either weary the public with a succession of stale melo-dramas, or with new pieces which never will be stale, since they 'come like shadows, so depart.' The only novelty of the week consists in a new operatic piece, which was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, on Saturday night, entitled '*Twas I*. The piece is taken from the French, who have large claims on our modern playwrights, since they furnish the groundwork of most of our modern productions. The story turns on a little village scandal and intrigue; a female eaves-dropper, seeing a married man salute a pretty damsel, endeavours to injure her with her patroness. Happily, however, the married man acts the same scene, at the same place, with his wife, and the damsel's lover, a good-natured simpleton, being taught to say '*twas I*, to every inquiry respecting the kiss, the business is settled, as such things generally are on such occasions, by the marriage of the girl with her silly lover. The music is pretty, and Madame Vestris played very well. To this lady, Keeley, and Mrs. Davenport, the piece was indebted for its success. It was well received, and has been repeated.

Mr. Kean has appeared at the New York Theatre, in the character of Richard III., but was hooted and pelted off the stage; he attempted to address the audience, but was not allowed, a great mob was collected in the streets, and some damage was done to the theatre. He was announced to play Othello on a future evening, but there seems little chance of his being allowed to perform it. The following letter, written by Mr. Kean, appears in the New York Advocate of the 16th of November:—

'Sir,—With oppressed feelings, heart-rending to my friends and triumphant to my enemies, I make an appeal to that country famed for hospitality to the stranger and mercy to the conquered. Allow me to say, sir, whatever are my offences, I disclaim all intention of offering anything in the shape of disrespect towards the inhabitants of New York; they received me from the first with enthusiasm, grateful in those hours, to my pride—in the present, to my memory. I cannot recall to my mind any act or thought that did not prompt me to an unfeigned acknowledgment of their favours as a public, and profound admiration of the private worth of those circles in which I had the honour of moving.

'That I have committed an error appears too evident from the all-decisive voice of the public; but surely it is but justice to the delinquent, whatever may be his enormities, to be allowed to make reparation where the offences were committed. My misunderstandings took place in Boston—to Boston I shall assuredly go to apologize for my indiscretions.

'I visit this country now under different feelings and auspices than on a former occasion; then I was an ambitious man, and the proud representative of Shakspeare's heroes: the spark of ambition is extinct, and I merely ask a shelter in which to close my professional and mortal career.

'I give the weapon into the hands of my enemies; if they are brave, they will not turn it against the defenceless.

'EDMUND KEAN.'

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

London Mechanic's Institution.—A quarterly meeting of this institution was held on Wednesday evening, at their house, in Southampton Buildings, when the report of the committee of management was read, by which it appeared, that during the last quarter, 677 new members had been added, making the total number 1887. The sum of £300 had been received in donations, and 253 volumes of books. The Rev. Robert Fellows, Chaplain to the late Queen Caroline, who inherits the splendid fortune of Baron Maseres, had sent £100, and two annual donations of 10 guineas—for the best machine made by a member, and for the best answer in the mathematical class.

Arctic Land Expedition.—By the latest accounts from Quebec, which come up to the 8th ult., it is stated that news had been received there of the safe arrival of Captain Franklin and his party, in their winter quarters, after a most prosperous journey.

M. de la Place, in one of the last sittings of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, proposed the following four questions for examination and decision, by a commission of that philosophical body: 1st, The actual intensity of the terrestrial magnetism; 2nd, The exact proportion of the two gases which constitute our atmosphere; 3rd, The exact pressure of the atmosphere at the surface of the sea; and, 4th, The heat of the terrestrial globe at different depths, following latitudes and other appreciable differences.

Theological Prize at Oxford, instituted June 2, 1825.—'The operation of human causes only will not sufficiently account for the propagation of Christianity.' The above subject for an English essay, appointed by the judges, is proposed to members of the university, on the following conditions; viz.; 1. The candidate must have passed his examination for the degree of B. A. or B. C. L. 2. He must not on this day (Dec. 1) have exceeded his 28th term. 3. He must have commenced his 16th term on or before the 1st of February next. In every case the terms are to be computed from the matriculation inclusively. The essays are to be sent under a sealed cover to the registrar of the university on or before the Wednesday in Easter week next ensuing (March 29). None will be received after that day.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

IMPROMPTU.

On the Theatrical Monkey Mania.

Hide your diminish'd heads, I pray,
 Ye Thespians of the present day;
 Heroes of buskin and of sock—oh!
 Monkeys are more than men—for see
 The town is mad as mad can be,
 And follows *Chimpanzee* and *Joeko*!

J. M. L.

Mademoiselle D*** was walking one day in the garden of the Tuileries with a beautiful child in her hand—'Pray, Miss, whose child is that?' said the Countess de P***. 'Mine, madam.' 'Yours? I did not know that you were married.' 'No, madam, but I belong to the opera.'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Woodland Stile, the Shipwrecked Sailor's Grave, the Defence of the British Museum, and the Rambles of Asmodeus, No. 32, shall appear in our next. The Anacreontic to Bacchus in an early number. D. B. D. and W. S. have been received. A. Z. reached us too late, but we shall, perhaps, avail ourselves of a part of his letter in our next. We shall feel obliged by his promised communications.

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However Mr. Holman may suffer from the privation of one of the best faculties of the body, it will be seen that he is an observant traveller, possessing more intelligence, and collecting more real information, than many writers who are free from the disadvantages under which he labours. He has given us a work which, whether we consider its contents, or the circumstances under which it was written, possesses intense interest. It gives a lively picture of the places and people Mr. Holman encountered in his travels, and is full of entertaining anecdotes and descriptions. —Literary Chronicle, April 30, 1825.

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